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A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

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WHOLE No. 965

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Chronicle

Home News.—The Senate oil inquiry uncovered several further sensational facts in its attempt to discover the ultimate disposal of the Liberty bonds which were bought from the profits of the Continental Trading Company. The new trail led directly to the Republican National Committee. James A. Patten, the grain operator, testified that he had made a "fake" gift of \$25,000 to that Committee's deficit fund in December, 1923. He had received \$25,000 of the Continental bonds and in return made what was listed as a contribution of his own to the same amount. Later it was discovered that Secretary Weeks had done the same thing. Still later, Secretary Mellon testified that he had been approached by Mr. Will H. Hays to make a similar "gift" but he had refused and at the same time had given outright \$50,000. Ex-Senator Butler, of Massachusetts, stated that he also had refused to be a party to this plan. Both Mr. Butler and Secretary Mellon, when asked about their silence, defended it on the ground that they had no obligation to let the public know. The peculiar procedure adopted by Mr. Hays was defended by him as an expedient to cover the fact that one man, Harry F. Sinclair, had contributed

such a large amount and to make it appear instead that others had contributed when they had not. Meanwhile, Senator Borah called upon Senator Butler to return to the givers all of the "sinister" oil money which had been received. Mr. Borah termed Mr. Butler's answer unsatisfactory. The latter said that what was done before his incumbency as Chairman did not affect him. Mr. Borah replied that the Republican Committee is a continuing body and still bears the obligations contracted formerly.

Commissioner Edward P. Costigan resigned from the Tariff Commission, and on March 14 made public the letter in which he accused that body of serious delinquency. He charged that the Chairman of the Commission, who was once a tariff lobbyist, had not ceased to exercise that function and that two other Commissioners had formed a combination with him for the purpose of preventing the lowering of tariff duties. The responsibility for this situation he laid directly upon former President Harding and President Coolidge, and said that the Tariff Commission was not only a hindrance to the public welfare but a cause of positive harm. He charged, also, that "the stranglehold on the Commission is continued by hidden influences" and that the President himself had long ceased personally to place confidence in it.

On March 11, the Sub-Committee of the Senate Interstate Commerce Commission, which made a tour of the coal regions, delivered its report. They criticized severely the housing conditions, the immorality rampant in some quarters, the brutality of the strike-breakers and of the Coal and Iron Police, and related shootings by these latter into houses and schools. They found many victims of beatings and much suffering and distress.

Austria.—Austrian Catholics were encouraged and supported in their opposition to Socialist influence by the letter of the Holy Father to the Austrian Hierarchy. His Holiness stressed the fact that one of the strongest means of defense of Catholic rights is to be found in the Catholic press. "Do not overlook," says the Papal letter, "what power, in a bad as well as in a good sense, is possessed by the press and the papers. As evil men use it for propagating wrong opinions and for affecting moral depravation, it is your task to use it for the welfare of your people, for by means of good newspapers and other publications of a similar kind errors are disproved and

Catholics cheered up in their hearts in order to gain justice and faith." The sincerity of Catholic activity against immoral influences was manifested by the solemn triduum of reparation, held at St. Paul's Church, in atonement for the outrages against common decency which had been perpetrated on the stage of the Johann Strauss Theater, in Vienna.

Belgium.—A novel course was established in the University of Louvain with the inauguration of the chair of "missiology," a department designed to bring together some of the practical applications of divinity studies, medicine, social and physical sciences, history and geography, etc., which are of special importance to priests and other workers in the foreign mission field. M. Georges Goyau, of the French Academy, and Père Charles, S.J., were the lecturers chosen for the present term.

Brazil.—A sudden shifting of a side of Mount Serat, in the center of the city of Santos, State of Sao Paulo, crashed thousands of tons of earth and rocks without warning onto a section of that place on the morning of March 10, according to an Associated Press dispatch, and left a toll of dead and dying of nearly one hundred. Subsequent smaller slides created considerable anxiety among the populace. The Government authorities initiated steps to blast the mountain so as to remove future danger. Among the places of note destroyed by the landslide was the Holy House of Mary, a hospital since the days of its establishment in 1543, while Brazil was still under Portuguese domination. Only recently the house had been modernized and newly equipped for the care of the sick.

Chile.—Announcement was made by the Government on March 11, that a Communistic plot for its overthrow had been checked two days previously, by the arrest of forty persons, including a son of the former President, Arturo Alessandri, and Major Carlos Millan. Subsequently the former was released along with other prominent citizens among those who had been taken into custody on suspicion of being implicated, but the majority of those arrested were deported to Mas-a-Fuera Island. The whole affair was carried off by the Government with no disturbance of the prevalent civic calm obtaining at Santiago, the capital. It will be recalled that for the past year President Ibañez has been dealing vigorously with those who have been opposing his military dictatorship.

China.—Political and military activities remained practically at a standstill, though Communistic activities were reported in various sections accompanied by murder and pillage. The famine also continued its ravages and hardships, and in some of the Provinces suffering was very acute. In Shantung 9,000,000 people were feeling its effects. Reports from missionaries laboring there indicated

that the misery and wretchedness of the famished locality were beyond description. The death rate was high especially among infants and children, and there was no prospect of immediate change in the situation.

Czechoslovakia.—The Czechoslovak 7½ per cent Loan raised in New York in 1925 is to be redeemed on April 1, at the price of 105. The loan was originally intended to be one of \$50,000,000, but only \$25,000,000 was actually taken up, and this sum has been reduced in the meantime by amortization to \$21,700,000. Of the about 800,000,000 crowns required for the redemption, 350,000,000 are being provided by the Treasury, whilst the remaining 450,000,000 are being found by a domestic finance group who are accepting from the Government five per cent bonds to this amount to be issued at the price of ninety-three. The transaction is an indication of the satisfactory financial situation of the Republic and of the notable cheapening of credit which has taken place of late.

France.—The activity of the Government against alien Communists and other propaganda agents was recounted to the Senate on March 12, by M. Albert Sarraut, Minister of the Interior. Replying to questions about the Sacco-Vanzetti riots of August, 1927, and the measures taken to prevent a recurrence of such disturbances, M. Sarraut declared that within the year and a half that the Coalition Government had been in power, over 13,000 alien Communists and anti-military agitators had been deported. Legal action against seditious agitators who were citizens of France had also been prosecuted energetically, with the result that over 400 cases had been started, nearly half of which had already resulted in conviction and punishment. He further cited figures from the official publications of the Communist party, indicating a loss of nearly one-third of the 72,000 members claimed by the organization in 1926. He expressed sympathy with the more moderate part of the Communist program, shared by other parties, but denounced as a crime that would be prosecuted unsparingly their efforts to provoke civil strife, colonial revolts and mutiny in the army. His speech was followed by a vote of confidence in the Government.

As the term of Parliament drew to its close, all parties were preparing for an intensive campaign to precede the April elections. Charges and countercharges of responsibility for the financial decline during the Herriot and Painlevé regimes were being made, the Left placing the blame on the mismanagement of the previous administration of the Right, while the Right pointed to the successes of the present Poincaré Government as contrasted with the demoralization that had existed before the Coalition assumed power. The first elections will be held on April 22. The purpose of M. Poincaré is to produce a strong center majority in Parliament, which would, incidentally, also be favorable to the Church.

Germany.—In the first report the German Government has ever published on the disposition of the secret funds of the Reichwehr it was disclosed that nearly 30,000,000 marks (about \$7,500,000) had been squandered in promoting all sorts of schemes which were in no wise concerned with national defense. Almost two-thirds of this amount was given to the Phoebus Film Company for carrying on its business. Captain Lohmann of the navy, who had practically undisputed authority over the disbursement of the entire sum, had the consent of both the Reichwehr and the Commerce Ministers before the first loans were made to the Phoebus Film Company. Further advances were made by him on his own authority. The original report of the investigating committee was not published, but, instead, a special one had been prepared on the order of Chancellor Marx. Referring to this matter, General Groener, the new Minister of Defense, assured the Reichstag Budget Committee that there would be no repetition of this scandal during his tenure of office. The General scored naval officials for not controlling the secret funds. Companies formerly supported by Captain Lohmann's donations will be liquidated and houses and other property purchased by him will be sold.

A labor conflict which threatened a general tie-up of the Berlin metal industry and possible disaster for the whole country was ended by the intervention of legal power.

Tool Strike An arbitration commission under the chairmanship of the official mediator, Herr Wischel, rendered a decision which was immediately rejected by employers and workers. The Reich's Labor Minister then declared the decision mandatory and 80,000 workers returned to their posts. The tool-makers demanded a minimum wage of one mark, fifty pfennigs, per hour and the abolition of piecework system. The award gives them a minimum of one mark per hour and places piecework contracts on the same basis.

Great Britain.—In a statement before the House of Commons, L. C. M. Amery, Colonial Secretary, declared that there had been no official confirmation of the reports that Ibn Saud was associated with a revolt of the Arabian tribes in a "Holy War," or with any movement against the British mandates of Iraq and Transjordan. —Navy estimates, submitted to the House by W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, indicated a reduction of more than one million pounds. This was made possible, Mr. Bridgeman stated, by the continued placidity of the general naval situation. The program of naval construction presented only a slight modification of the five-year schedule adopted in 1925. The net total of the estimates for next year was £57,300,000.—The much-discussed bill known as the "vote for flappers," by which the franchise would be extended to about five million more women, has had its first reading in the House. The Government has pledged itself to advance the measure.—A further

grant of nearly one million pounds was voted to satisfy the claims for compensation for those who had suffered for their fidelity to the British Government in Ireland during the period of Civil War that followed the adoption of the Treaty. Mr. Amery stated, in connection with the vote, that the total number of claims for post-Treaty compensation was 3,300. Of these, 1,715 had been investigated and compensation had been granted to 874. In compensation claims for injuries during the Anglo-Irish War prior to the Treaty, the British and Free State Governments together had already paid £10,000,000.

Jugoslavia.—It was reported in Geneva on March 8, that a consortium of English and American banks had signed with the Yugoslav Government an agreement providing a loan to Belgrade of \$250,000,000. The consortium, headed by Schroeder and Co., of London, included Blair and Co. as the chief American member. The agreement must be ratified by the Yugoslav Parliament in three months. It was reported that the loan would be used partly for the stabilization of the dinar, and partly for the development of the port of Cattaro and a 500 kilometer railroad from the capital to the port.—Queen Marie of Yugoslavia returned to Belgrade on March 12, after concluding business relative to the will of her father, the late King of Rumania. Her legacy was said to be \$16,000,000.

Mexico.—News from Mexico related more murders of priests in that country. Six priests were known to have been killed by Federal officers in Guanajuato. The Rev. Don Toribio Romo was dragged from his hiding-place in Jalisco and on his way to Mexico City was murdered by his captors. The Rev. Donaciano Villareal was shot, with five others, in a cemetery at San Luis Potosi. In dying the priest said that he hoped this would be the last blood to be shed in Mexico. In spite of an announcement by the Mexican Government that the "revolution" had been suppressed, the papers continued to carry announcements of widespread rebellious activity.

Nicaragua.—By a vote of 23 to 17, the House of Deputies on March 13, voted down the McCoy Bill for American supervision of the Fall elections. The voting was preceded by a keen and animated debate in which the policy of the American Government was severely criticized. When the result was announced it was received amid cheers that indicated its popularity. The vote was a flat rebuff to the American program. It was almost along factional lines with the Chamorro, Conservative, bloc solidly against the measure, save for a single defection. The Liberals and Moderate Conservatives all voted for it. Subsequently President Diaz and Brig.-Gen. McCoy held a conference but no announcement was made of what the next Government move would be. Neither did the State

Phoebus
Scandal

Financial
Construction

More Priests
Killed

House of
Commons'
Notes

Election
Bill
Defeated

Department in Washington give out any statement, though it was understood that its policy would be to stand firm in its determination to carry out its pledges and supervise the elections. Meanwhile the Sandinistas continued their guerrilla warfare though no notable engagements were reported. The marines, however, were urged to put forth their best endeavors within the next two months and before the bad weather sets in, to completely rout Sandino and his followers.

Poland.—The Senate elections, held on March 11, brought a new victory for Premier Pilsudski. The Government bloc captured 50 out of the 111 available seats in the Senate. The two Right parties which form the main opposition group retained only 18: 19 Senators were elected by the bloc of National minorities, 11 by the Socialists and 6 by the peasants. The remaining mandates went to various small groups. The Communists were defeated everywhere.—Notwithstanding the improvement which was noted in the general trend of unemployment in Poland during 1927, the number of unemployed remained relatively large, due in great measure to the re-emigration of agricultural workers from Germany and Denmark. In one month a total of 50,000 agricultural workers returned to Poland, representing more than one-third of the total number of unemployed at the close of the year.

Russia.—A turn to the "Left," similar to the program of the late Opposition, was reported with regard to Soviet internal policy. The tendency was seen in the forcible measures taken against the *kulaks*, or richer peasants, to oblige them to yield in the grain collections, and against private traders or speculators; in the recommendation by the Peasants' and Workers' Inspection Commissariat that the peasant tax be increased thirty-five per cent; and, finally, by the decision to increase industrial production twenty-three per cent, in terms of the pre-war ruble. The program of last Fall called for an increase of only fourteen per cent.—Reports reached Berlin on March 12, that a number of German technical experts had been arrested in the Don region, accused of counter-revolutionary sabotage.

South Africa.—Speaking before the House of Assembly in connection with the resolutions of the last Imperial Conference, the Nationalist leader, Premier Hertzog, denied the assertion that "when Great Britain is at war, every Dominion automatically is at war." He declared that the Imperial Conference had conceded a free, independent status to the Dominions, and that, in consequence, the Dominions were the sole judges as to the extent of their cooperation within the Empire. Speaking on the same question, General Jan Smuts, leader of the Imperialist Opposition, counseled that the question of neutrality should be considered as merely academic. In a re-

cent speech, however, he stated that "South Africa knows that if she gets into trouble, she has the British fleet; and if Great Britain is in trouble, every rifle on the veldt must ring out to help her."

League of Nations.—As a result of the stormy debate in the Council over the Hungarian land owners in Rumania, M. Titulescu, Foreign Minister for that country, resigned on March 14, as delegate to the League of Nations. He had expressed extreme dissatisfaction with the proposal of the Council that two neutral members be added to the committee that had already been sitting for almost a year in adjudication of the controversy, and that the decision of the committee be accepted by the June Council. His attitude was reprobated by a majority of the Council members.

The Security and Arbitration Committee adjourned on March 7, until June, after adopting six model treaties. Great Britain was said to take the same position as at other sessions, that she would have nothing to do with these treaties, though she would not oppose their adoption by other States. A telegram was received by the Secretariat on March 6, from M. Litvinov, the Soviet delegate to the Disarmament Conference, saying that no really comprehensive program of disarmament could be put into effect without the cooperation of Turkey, whose participation in the Conference he proposed. The invitation was extended, and was accepted by Turkey. Tewfik Rushdi Bey, Foreign Minister, left Angora on March 13.

Upon the initiative of Senor Urrutia, of Colombia, who presided, the Council approved on March 8, a suggestion that a resolution and a letter be sent to Spain and Brazil urging their return to active participation in the work of the League of Nations. Under the rules of the League two years' notice of withdrawal must be given. That of Brazil expires in June, while Spain's expires in September. The Optional Clause of the statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice was recently signed by Greece.

Next week Grace H. Sherwood, in "Rummage Sale," will relate a story that recalls St. Francis' old song, "Travel Light."

Eugene Weare, in "Scuttling the Naval Program," will reveal how the Administration's program came to be reduced.

Charles Phillips will instruct both students and parents on the real meaning of "The Campus Publication."

"Wanted: A New Series of Books" will contain an important suggestion by Dean Edward A. Fitzpatrick, of the Marquette University Graduate School.

The total contributed to date for the families of striking miners is \$5,563.22.

Senate
Elections

Rumanian
Delegate
Resigns

Security
Committee
Adjourns

Drastic
Internal
Program

Spain and
Brazil
Solicited

Neutrality of
Dominions

AMERICA

A - CATHOLIC - REVIEW - OF - THE - WEEK

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1928

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The King and the Governor Bear the Cross

NEARLY three hundred years have passed since "King" Chitomacheu was solemnly baptized at St. Mary's City, Maryland. To quote the narrative of 1640:

The Governor, together with his Secretary and many others, was present at the ceremony, nor was anything omitted which could help the display and which our means could supply. In the afternoon the King and Queen were united in matrimony after the Christian rite; then the great Cross was erected, in carrying which to its destined place the King, the Governor, Secretary, and others lent their shoulders and hands. Two of us in the meantime—Fathers White and Gravener—chanted before them the Litany of Loreto in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

When these gallant gentlemen of Maryland—the first English-speaking Catholic laymen of this country—joined with the humble redskin in carrying the Cross, did they reflect on what their example would mean in later days? After the Indian had passed, and the Negro had taken his place, the Catholics of Maryland still felt the responsibility to lighten by charity and religious instruction the heavy load of slavery. In our own day there rests upon the colored race in this country a multiple cross of irreligion and its attendant social and economic evils. Only four out of our ten million American Negroes profess any religion at all.

At the present time, two great laymen's experiments are being worked out on the shores of the Chesapeake, near the ancient wigwam of King Chitomacheu. The plan of Mr. Raskob, in establishing the Catholic Foundation of the Diocese of Wilmington, is to set an example to laymen throughout the country in lifting the financial burden from the shoulders of the clergy, and placing it upon those who by training and position are its natural bearers. The group of Catholic laymen, led by Mr. John G. Agar of New York, who have undertaken to sponsor the efforts of Admiral Benson and his associates in providing development and maintenance for the Cardinal Gibbons Institute at Ridge, Maryland, are the first body

of Catholic laymen to interest themselves in any national undertaking for the combined spiritual welfare of the American Negro. Incidentally they are setting on foot, under Catholic auspices, the first instance of the Tuskegee plan of community education that has been attempted north of the Potomac River and within close reach of our great metropolitan centers.

Summing up his recent impressions of this country, Sir Gordon Guggisberg, late Governor of the Gold Coast, West Africa, and one of the ablest administrators in the British Empire, states:

The first and most satisfactory thing I have learnt from my American experiences is that my belief in the potentiality of the African is completely confirmed. Africa must learn a lesson from places like Tuskegee, and must especially understand the necessity of taking schools into the country and keeping in close touch with the community.

The results of the experiment so far have amply justified the attention that has been given to it. It rests on our Catholic laymen throughout the United States to cooperate with these men, and to see that the experiment shall attain its full development, and play its appointed part in helping to lift the cross from the shoulders of a race too long forgotten and too little understood.

Ethics vs. Economics in Business

ON March 7 there took place in the Senate a colloquy which went to the very heart of modern America. It occurred in the course of a speech by Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, on the present widespread unemployment. He was interrupted by Senator Watson, who put to him a series of fair and searching questions. The equally penetrating answers of Mr. Walsh did not receive the publicity they deserved.

Senator Walsh listed among the causes of unemployment "the system of inflating capital and consolidating industry throughout the country which has driven the independent manufacturer out of business and has tended to centralize the manufacturing business in the hands of a limited number of monopolies or trusts." He then referred particularly to well-known incidents in the electric light and power industry where deliberate inflation of capital following amalgamations has resulted in higher price per kilowatt hour allowed even by the State regulating bodies, which figure and permit a certain percentage of profit on the paper capital of the operating companies.

MR. WATSON. Is not that the direct result of an economic evolution that has been going on?

MR. WALSH. Yes sir; in part, but no unconscionable federation of capital, no unchecked expansion of capital, no improper consolidation of watered stock can ever be defended by any government that claims to be interested in protecting the unorganized people who must buy the necessities of life from noncompetitive industries.

That weighty sentence, though struck off in the warmth of debate, deserves careful pondering in every phrase. It may be that "economic evolution" was merely a meaningless phrase to the not over-intelligent Babbitt who used it, but it echoed a dangerous philosophy. In fact, later

on, Senator Watson phrased his thought even more brutally; "Is it not a fact . . . that consolidations come about largely because of the force of competition, the necessity of men getting together in order to increase production?"

To this positivistic and deterministic conception, absolutely pagan in essence, Senator Walsh opposed the Christian truth that ethics is paramount to economics. "The very thing the Senator is describing," he said, "puts an obligation upon the Government to be active, to be alert, to see that that condition shall not result in an injustice and an injury to the rights of the worker, the investor, and the consuming public." But then "evolution" knows not the names of justice and injustice.

Nobody has ever accused Senator Walsh of being a dangerous radical. The real danger to public life and social economy is in just those radical theories naively expressed by such a "standpatter" as Senator Watson. Substitute evolution for justice, economics for ethics, and you are preparing for this country an upheaval just as great as any in France in 1793, Russia in 1918 and Mexico in the year before that. It is not the radical agitators who make revolutions; it is the greedy grabbers of special privilege. Touch that off with a pagan philosophy of economic necessity and you have an explosive to rend society into a thousand pieces. Senator Walsh called this "the predominant political issue"; it is more, it is a matter of concern to every American, regardless of political affiliation.

A cynical Washington newspaperman, upon being told of Senator Walsh's speech and of its ethical implications, remarked: "He won't get anywhere with that gang down there." Can it be that in those words he pronounced the epitaph of public government in this country?

Dr. Ryan and "Current History"

THE letter from Dr. John A. Ryan in the "Communications" column deserves careful reading, for it goes to the heart of the most serious problem facing Catholics in this country at this present day. It is far more than an explanation of his course in answering Mr. Fountain in *Current History*, or than an expression of thanks to this Review. It is a discussion of the policy which should guide all Catholics, lay and clerical, in a real crisis through which we are passing.

It is true that this crisis is not nearly so acute as other similar ones which have afflicted us in the past. In a certain sense, however, it is more crucial. Former attacks were more violent, perhaps, but they were also more vulgar, and therefore ridiculous, and they eventually fell of their own crude heaviness. The mob spirit led men to burn churches, but it all began and ended with the mob. Bigotry was at least unfashionable.

But now it bids fair to become the vogue. John Jay Chapman, Charles C. Marshall and others resent being called bigots, but only because former crises have stigmatized bigotry as vulgar. But they are not saying anything essentially different than the old rabble-rousers of the

Native Americans, the A. P. A., or the Ku Klux Klan. The only difference is that they are now saying it in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Current History* and the *World's Work*. Anti-Catholic feeling apparently follows the law of working upward, instead of downward. Witness the case of Gladstone in Newman's time. But it has never changed its color, or even its very arguments, in the process.

Dr. Ryan offers a policy in the words: "As a general rule, I believe that in this age and country of ours no criticism of Catholic doctrine, no matter how silly and outrageous, ought to go unanswered in any publication having a large number of readers."

This Review is in entire accord with Dr. Ryan on this statement. It is true that the circumstances might counsel abstention in certain cases, as of the "Anonymous Renegade" in the *Atlantic*, and that Dr. Ryan enjoyed the exceptional advantages of knowing the name of his adversary and of answering in the same number in which the attack appeared. But the general rule remains unchanged, for the sake of the readers of the attack, if for nothing else. This was also the opinion of a man of wide experience with the Oregon Catholic Truth Society, Father Charles M. Smith, in a letter in last week's issue.

But can it be said that Dr. Ryan's experiment has yet soundly established the proper method of handling such attacks?

The ordinary weakness of anti-Catholic attacks is that the writers of them present, as the Catholic doctrines which they wish to refute, something which no Catholic believes or ever did believe. This is usually done by culling from papal pronouncements certain detached "texts," to which they attach an arbitrary meaning, entirely removed from their real meaning. That was the course pursued by Mr. Fountain, and by Mr. Marshall before him, and Dr. Ryan very properly adopted the common-sense policy of pointing out this fallacy and in his quality of expert attaching their real meaning to the "texts," which perhaps only an expert in their interpretation could expound.

The result, as Dr. Ryan admits, was disappointing. The word of his adversary was taken on the meaning of the texts adduced, and not his own, though in a true sense they really belonged to him, not to his opponent. It may then fairly be asked, if this was the result in men of scholarship to whom the testimony of the expert is ordinarily law, what would be the result in the ordinary non-Catholic reader, for whom Dr. Ryan was really writing?

There are two answers to this query, one of which might be called the optimistic one, the other the pessimistic. The former holds that the rank and file of non-Catholics are more broad-minded than their professional guides, who are usually moved by fear that the Catholic idea is making headway, and it holds that consequently the word of the Catholic expert will have weight when it can be heard. The pessimistic side holds that the people are no better than their leaders. But even on this supposition Catholics are not absolved from taking every oc-

casion, or creating occasions, to set the truth before their non-Catholic brethren. But we shall have to have more data before we can decide just what good is actually being done.

The Fight on Divorce

LAST November a proposal to amend the marriage law of the Presbyterian Church was submitted to ten thousand ministers of that denomination. The proposal followed a long and searching examination into the causes of this dark social evil, conducted by Dr. Clarence E. Macartney, and other Presbyterian clergymen and laymen.

In strong but justified language, Dr. Macartney writes that what we are now witnessing in the breakdown of domestic ties and social morality is the herald of the decay of society itself. "Much as we love our Republic, let us not deceive ourselves into imagining that there are in the American nation elements of perpetuity which guarantee its eternal preservation regardless of the violation of the moral law." The present crisis, he believes, "calls for a new dedication to the law and ideals of Christ."

In its present form the law of the Presbyterian Church permits divorce, and presumably re-marriage of the innocent party, for two grounds only, one of which is wilful desertion. It is now proposed to remove this second cause. Experience in the courts and elsewhere has shown that it opens the gate widely to a number of serious abuses, among which wilful perjury is not the least grave.

With the internal policy of the Presbyterian Church, we can, of course, have no concern. But as Catholics and Americans we are glad to learn that Dr. Macartney and his brethren are proposing measures which, we trust, will act to end this national scandal of divorce. While we have no special censure for the Presbyterian Church, it is our belief that very much could be done for the protection of Christian marriage, were all the non-Catholic groups to enact legislation of a sterner character than that which now prevails, and to enforce it by suitable penalties.

Dr. Macartney does well in reminding us that there are no elements in our national life which, regardless of our contempt for the moral law, will secure our perpetuity as a nation. Unless God build the city they labor in vain that build it. No lesson comes to us from the Fathers of this Republic with greater solemnity than the age-old truth that there can be no true peace and prosperity among the people in the absence of religion and morality.

We wish the Presbyterian Church all success in its fight against divorce. But Dr. Macartney realizes to the full that legislation is not enough. What we most need is a generation which from childhood has been trained to fear God, honor the king, and love the brethren. One of the most powerful means for securing this generation is the school in which the teaching of religion is accorded its rightful place. That school must be fostered if our Republic is to be preserved.

Is the Constitution at Fault?

SOME weeks ago a writer in the service of one of the Hearst papers contributed an editorial to the *New York American* on the relation of the State to the Federal Constitution.

What moved this editor to protest was the custom, now common in this country, of appeals by corporations from the States in which they function, to the Federal courts. The appeal is usually taken and granted on the ground that the "due process" guarantee of the Federal Constitution has been violated by some requirement made by the State.

It is admitted, of course, that ill-conceived State legislation can and occasionally does deprive men and corporations of their property and other rights. When the local courts fail to afford a remedy, the appeal to the Federal tribunals is quite in order. But as the *American* points out, the Constitution of the State of New York, and of a majority of the States, contain the same guarantee of due process as the Federal Constitution. Yet many corporations now pass over the State and make their first application to the Federal courts. They do not always obtain from these courts what they purport to ask for. But it is rare indeed that they do not achieve their ulterior purpose, which is to gain time, and to discourage opponents by the drear prospect of long and costly litigation in the Federal courts.

Even more objectionable is the fact that this process tends to lower the State courts in the eyes of the public, and to break down local self-government. "If the people were now creating a Federal Government," comments the *American*, "it is rather certain that they would require it to confine itself to matters beyond the power or convenience of the States, and leave as little disturbed as possible the invaluable principle of local self-government."

It is almost amusing to reflect that this, precisely, is what the framers of the Constitution did. They thought that fact so clear that some of them, Hamilton, for instance, could not understand the need of the Ten Amendments. These limitations upon the power of the central Government were clear enough, as Hamilton and others thought, from the body of the Constitution itself.

One thing is certain. If the huge expansion of Federal power which today threatens to wreck the proper relations between Washington and the local communities could have been foreseen, the Thirteen United States would never have accepted the Constitution of 1787.

No doubt the error of the *American* is shared by a majority of Americans. Rebelling against the huge incubus at Washington, they attribute its establishment to the Constitution, whereas in point of fact the Constitution was devised to make it impossible.

Even that staunch Federalist, Hamilton, would have rebelled. When the Federal Government assumes to sit in judgment upon the affairs of a business corporation whose activities are wholly confined to one State and one city, and that too, prior to action by the local authorities, not much local self-government is left to the people.

A Tribute to Father Tierney

EUGENE WEARE

Special Correspondent for AMERICA

THE record, they say, will read something like this: Richard Henry Tierney, Priest of the Society of Jesus, educator and sometime Editor of AMERICA; b. Sept. 2, 1870, New York City, N. Y.; d. February 10, 1928, New York City, N. Y. R. I. P.

Thus we see how it is that history is written. Perhaps it is better so. Who can tell? And yet I cherish the permission to write a line or two about the man.

The temptation is to write him down as a poet or, better still, as a *poet-priest*, and let it go at that. For poet he was, in deed as well as in fact, with the soul of a poet and a poet's ceaseless striving for the unattainable. I cannot recall that he ever ventured to express himself in measured lines. That was because he was *too much* of a poet for that sort of thing. But his whole life, his every action, was guarded and guided by a passionate devotion to a great ideal which had for its inspiration the simple teachings of the Sermon of the Mount.

Poet he was and priest, too. He loved the priesthood and was superbly proud of his place among the elect. His bearing, his manner of approach, his quiet gentleness, his humility, all testified to his priestly consciousness. That he was not slow to assert himself when occasion demanded that he do so was prompted by his understanding of his commission as a teacher. He was no half-hearted apologist. Neither did he shrink from combat. Hypocrisy, under any guise or color, he hated with his soul; dishonesty and the perversion of truth were despicable things to him and he struck out against all such with a vigor and a tenseness which marked him as a man to be reckoned with. Nature had fashioned him of strong fiber and courage that was indomitable. And when the unction of the Holy Ghost had touched him in consecration he became, in truth, a mighty champion.

I think I may say that I knew him well. He was my master. Much that is good of what I now have I owe to him. For years he was both inspiration and guide to me. My affection for the man was not less than my esteem for his virtues, his power and the force of intellect that was his. And these, my brethren, were exceedingly great. After years of work with him and for him I can say in truth that he comes nearer to the approach to my ideal among men than anyone I know.

It may be that there is something wrong in my mental make-up, for I confess that I have been stirred, not so much by the man's scholarship, or the richness of his intellect, as I have been moved by some others of his fine qualities. The world that knew him as priest, teacher and editor held him, and properly so, in high esteem. But what say those who were the beneficiaries of his tireless work for the stricken and the helpless? It is this phase of his life that I like best. I like to think of him as the proud champion, the eloquent pleader for the poor,

the diseased and the homeless, especially those who held forth in the post-war days in Central, East-Central and Southeastern Europe. What a tale these might tell if only they could.

In this regard, I am, I think, a witness competent to testify. I was a party to much that was done in those days. I was there in Europe, on the ground, in the midst of it all. Those were the days when blood and destruction were "so in use" that mothers, if they did not actually smile, at least made but faint outcry when they beheld their infants "quartered in the hands of war." To me that is the saddest story in all the history of human suffering. I doubt if ever, in all the world, there has been anything quite like it. Millions there were, literally millions, who died of disease or hunger, or a combination of both, and the world moved serenely on. Outside the stricken areas nobody seemed to care very much about it. Of course, there was a fellowship of misery, a sort of brotherhood of death, among those who were near at hand. These did what they could but in the face of the stupendous need their efforts to succor were pitiful to behold.

Stand on the street corners in the *Ringstrasse* in Vienna after night-fall in those days, or take up a place in the *Friedrichstrasse* in Berlin, or on any one of a dozen streets in cities like Warsaw, Budapest, Bucharest or even Munich, in Catholic Bavaria; note the thousands upon thousands of half-starved women, some of them hardly more than little girls, who nightly plod their weary way along those well-beaten paths. It is a sight that will sadden you to the uttermost depths of your soul and only then will you know what it means when people talk of national honor or dishonor.

The story of the sheer horror of post-war Europe has yet to be told. Many have tried their hand at it but have failed miserably. This is because the story is too big for the human intellect to grasp, the tragedy too great for the mind to contemplate. And it was into this that Father Tierney plunged. His great heart had been touched with the pity of it all. As a younger man he had known these people, especially those in Austria and Bavaria. He had lived among them and had grown to love them in a better day ere the hand of destruction had come down upon them. Now—all was changed. But he would help while there was yet time. He would do his share, with the help of God, to stem the march of death.

And how well he succeeded God only knows. But succeed he did. Of this I can bear testimony for I was there and saw with my own eyes the work that he did. And this, specifically, is what I saw: thousands of persons of all classes and castes saved from what looked to me like certain death by the prompt aid which came from the readers of AMERICA through Father Tierney.

Let me tell you of some nuns that I knew in Austria. Their case is typical of many other nuns who owe their lives to his kindly, generous soul. The nuns I knew belonged to a cloistered community that had been in existence for more than a thousand years. With the war and the peace came almost total destruction to them. Theirs was a *founded* organization, which means that for centuries they had not to concern themselves with material things, the what to eat or the wherewith to be clothed. They were the beneficiaries of numerous bequests of the pious down through the centuries. To this was added each year a sort of subvention from the Government and so it is that they went along for years giving no thought to the practical cares of life. All this, however, was swept away by the war and their condition was most pitiful. They went on for a while, hoping against hope, certain that a better day was coming by and by. But that better day was slow in coming; in fact, it did not come at all until after more than half of that community had died of what the doctors called malnutrition. But aid did come finally through the Editor of AMERICA and thus the others of the community were saved.

I know of my own knowledge that hundreds of these fine women in Austria died of want. And hundreds more, aye, thousands, possibly, would have died were it not for the help which came from Father Tierney. How he managed it all I do not know. He gave me some figures once which indicated that something like \$250,000 had been contributed by the readers of AMERICA to his fund for the stricken of Europe. But I know nothing of the details. I only know that thousands of poor people, facing almost certain death, were salvaged by the prompt action of this devoted priest.

Now, in this connection, it must not be taken that Father Tierney was "all heart" in all that he did by way of aid and succor. His charity was tempered by a good deal of common sense and aided not a little by his natural cleverness, editorial and otherwise. He was more anxious to obtain work for idle hands than he was to receive alms and hence it was that you found him at times appealing for commissions for the nuns for art-needlework, fancy sewing and such things. He felt, and rightly so, that the almsgiving could not keep on indefinitely and that it were vastly better that one become self-supporting wherever such a thing was possible.

But all this is mere detail. I started out to say that this extraordinary genius was something more than a fine scholar, a great man and a good priest. And that he was. With me, it was his love for the poor which marks him as a man among men. He was tireless in his efforts to help the needy. He cared little for ease and comfort for himself but he cared very much for the miseries and sufferings of the stricken. Given a worthy cause that really needed his help and he was first to respond. Mexico, Ireland, the whole of Europe at one time or another, India, China, Japan and the hurricane-swept portion of our own land were served by his charity. He found time, out of a life that was filled to the brim with many tasks, to "give thought to the poor." And the poor, if there

be any thought of justice or sense of fair play among them, ought not soon to forget him. He was the great almoner of his generation and while his achievements in other fields, like journalism and education, may mark his name high up above, I think he would prefer to be remembered as a friend of the poor.

And yet, on second thought, it occurs to me that here, again, I may be in error. Given his choice, Father Tierney would elect to be forgotten, at least in so far as his triumphs are made much of. He cared nothing for the applause of the crowd. He was, to be sure, intensely human and life to him was a serious business. He saw it as a glorious novitiate to another life and for the unessentials he had no favor. And so, perhaps, it may be better after all that the simple record be permitted to stand: Richard Henry Tierney, Priest of the Society of Jesus, b. 1870; d. 1928; R. I. P.

Darwinolatry

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, S.J.

IN *Nature* (Aug. 27, 1927. p. 287, col. 1) we read a sentence which says more perhaps than its writer intended:

Charles Darwin's statement of the doctrine of evolution fell upon a scientific world which had been groping for light, and after the first fierce clash with the "die-hards" of the old order, the grandeur of his concept, its plain logic and simplicity, lulled the scientific world into a stupor of complacency.

Darwin is indeed "a name to conjure by," and, in their attempt to defend Evolution, men of science, great men and little fellows, lose their scientific poise and write as ill becomes them, when they talk of the man who, so Sir Arthur Keith writes ("Concerning Man's Origin," p. 67, a section first published in the Rationalist Press Association *Annual*, 1923), "single-handed, wrought the miracle of the nineteenth century." The "superstitious idolatry" of Catholics has been heavily censured. Yet one writing a "Life" of a saint would not talk far differently from Keith who says in his plea for the purchase of Darwin's home ("Man's Origin," pp. 67, 68):

Yet to really appreciate and understand the writings of Charles Darwin it is essential to have a mental picture of their birth-place. It seems to me that this neglect of Darwin's home and of Darwin's life is symptomatic of an ignorance or indifference on the part of the rising generation of scientific men of how much they owe to Darwin and to Down. The day will assuredly come when Down will rival Stratford-on-Avon as a Mecca for pilgrims.

Evidently not all pilgrimages are Catholic and unscientific! Yet again we read and we wince at the unpleasant implied reference (p. 38): "What if a future owner is one who knows not Darwin, and is all unconscious that he has become the absolute owner of the Nazareth of Evolution?"

Darwin may have been quite a "family man" and devoted to his children but does Keith share "his sheer love of truth" when he writes thus (p. 81): "His happy spirit came nearer a true ethical ideal than that of the saintliest bishops of the nineteenth century"? That does seem a rather large item to prove! He continues (p. 90):

"Look into Darwin's life and see if a more humble and public-minded man, a man of more faith and charity, a better Christian in word and deed, was to be found in England during the nineteenth century." Without in the least casting any aspersions on Darwin's character, one might ask Sir Arthur to square his assertion of faith and of Christianity with Darwin's own words ("Life and Letters," Vol. I, pp. 274-282):

In my most extreme fluctuations I have never been an Atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God. I think that generally (and more and more as I grow older), but not always, an Agnostic would be the more correct description of my state of mind . . . For myself, I do not believe that there ever has been any Revelation . . . I gradually came to disbelieve in Christianity as a Divine Revelation . . . When thus reflecting [on the alternative of blind chance or necessity] I feel compelled to look to a First Cause having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to that of man; and I deserve to be called a Theist . . . But then arises the doubt, can the mind of man, which has, I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions? . . . I for one must be content to remain an Agnostic.

And those words were written by the man whose entrance into the ranks of the clergy was prevented by his signing up as a naturalist for the world-round cruise of the Beagle.

As Sir Arthur, so Henshaw Ward in his recent book, "Charles Darwin, the Man and His Warfare," opens up the diapason of his praise early in the book and the swell roars long and loud—and tiringly. (In passing it would be well for Mr. Ward to remember that it is bad salesmanship to run down another chap's goods in order to sell your own.) On p. 13 we read: "He [Darwin] insisted on seeing, for himself, *what came out of the vesicles* [italics Ward's] . . . If we even encounter a mind that instinctively desires to see for itself, we know we are in the presence of a superior being."

On p. 21, writing that "the business of his [Darwin's] life was to show the futility of mere logic," Ward tells of how "the great Goliath of Speculation," the greatest warrior of a theologian, philosopher and reactionary scientist, was sent forth against young Darwin.

And this Goliath cursed Darwin by his gods of intellectual processes. And Darwin smote him in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead. And of course this Goliath isn't dead yet, and probably will never die. But he has been less vigorous since the encounter.

As one reads on and on, one feels that Ward as he wrote was influenced, as he claims Lyell was, "by an emotion which had nothing to do with science." Ward is a hero-worshiper out-and-out, and this rather spoils a book which shows much familiarity with the subject thereof. "Whatever baffled Darwin in geology was likely to remain baffling for a long time" (p. 121). "It is doubtful whether any similar challenge [against the luxuriance of the vegetation on which the Mylodon fed] in Darwin's published work was ever found false" (p. 130).

Well, what about Darwin's pronouncement on the valley of Glen Roy? And what about the coral islands formed on rising areas of ocean bed? And if he were "destined to be the field-marshal of the forces of com-

mon sense" (p. 202), how did he miss fire so badly on the Terra del Fuegians, recently examined and vindicated by Father Koppers, S.V.D.?

Again: "Darwin's Natural Selection has thus far withstood every succeeding flood of objection" (p. 330). Has it? Then how explain these words in *Nature* (Aug. 27, 1927, p. 287, col. 2):

However, the first inhibiting glamor of a great thesis wore off. The study, especially of variation, heredity, and the correlation of structures and activities, led to a critical examination of Darwin's conclusions; and while the doctrine of evolution has never been gainsaid, one and another has arisen to show that the course of evolution has not been determined exclusively or mainly by the natural selection or the struggle for existence upon which Darwin laid stress.

Again, on p. 366, is this pronouncement of Ward the carefully weighed words of a scientific assayer?

If I were called upon to express what his life has meant, I should answer, "He destroyed the raging faith of the human brain that it can attain truth by logic." It is this faith which inspires us to interpret nature as if it were answerable to human reason, as if it must be clothed in "design" or "purpose" or "rectigradation." Darwin is slowly teaching the world that nature is utterly beyond our thinking and that we are absurd if we drape it in our mental tatters. We are rational only when we try to observe nature in Darwin's way.

Again, though Mr. Ward evidently worked very hard over his book and read widely, and that too in Darwin's own writings—a thing which many Darwinists never do—why does he show in a number of places so much spleen and make such side-thrusts against matters that are sacred? Some theologians have made fools of themselves by not becoming acquainted with scientific facts or by misreading theological data but it is safe to say that each such theologian can be matched with a scientist equally unconscious of the real state of his science or naively uninformed about revealed facts and dogmas. And of the latter, both Mr. Ward and Sir Arthur are painfully in need of elementary instruction on the "supernatural" and on "creation" as held by Catholic theologians.

By all means give Darwin credit for what he really was and what he really did. No man would detract therefrom. But however great he may be, however worthy of preservation the scene of his labors, let the simple truth be told and let there be no apotheosis.

INEVITABLE

Nineveh and Babylon!
Whither, whither have they gone?
In the way that all things must,
Shifting shadows in the dust.
Plato, Caesar, Socrates!
Watcher, tell me! where are these?
Little breaths upon the air,
Lost within a dim Somewhere.
Cleopatra, Pompadour!
Shall we know their beauty more?
They have gone the secret way,
Beauty changed to clinging clay.
Helen, Paris, you and I!
Love is sweet, though doomed to die;
Roses sicken, hearts grow old,
And a wind wails on the wold.

EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER.

The Future of Anglicanism

STANLEY B. JAMES

WHEN I attended, in a journalistic capacity, the Anglo-Catholic Congress of 1923 in London, I was at once made aware of a change in the temper of the party. Up to that time its aggressive propagandist methods had resulted in victory after victory. The resistance of the more conservative bishops to the "Romanizing" rebels was timid and ineffective. The way seemed open for the capture of the entire Anglican body.

It is true that there was a hectic flush on the faces of the victors. A close observer might have detected something not quite healthy in their excitement. Their claim that the English Communion constituted a branch of the Catholic Church and that a true interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles would confirm this was a little too artificial to be maintained without strain. This strain showed itself in the utterances and even, I used to think, in the physiognomy of prominent leaders among them. Imagination was playing the part of faith. The effort to persuade themselves that they were Catholics and to behave accordingly was too obvious to be healthy. The whole position was too histrionic, too much a matter of make-believe to last. But at the time I speak of, this was not recognized and the tide appeared to be with those who, under the auspices of the Elizabethan Establishment, heard "confessions" and said "Mass."

At the 1923 Congress, however, there were, as I have said, signs of change. The tone was less militant. There was observable a tendency to compromise. Men were admitted to the platform who frankly did not share the views of the out-and-out section. Many extremists were so dissatisfied that they abstained altogether from attendance. Since then the signs of a decline of vitality have become more frequent.

The 1925 manifesto entitled "A Call to Action," protesting against the aggressive tactics of the Anglo-Catholics, was widely signed, many of those signing being prominent in both Church and State. Under the leadership of Bishops Hensley Henson and Barnes, the Modernists have come again and again into the limelight. Today their militancy is far greater than that of their opponents. In the discussions concerning the new Prayer Book they have had, as the recent vote in the House of Commons showed, the bulk of the nation behind them. The solid arguments by which they have been able to support their plea for the Protestant character of the English Church have told. The day of inflated make-believe is over.

At the time of writing a sequence of events has still further discomfited the innovators. The decision to revise the revised Prayer Book has created a feeling of weariness with a controversy in which the Anglo-Catholics were the aggressors. The publication of the Report of the Malines Conversations has seemed to the man-in-the-street a clear warning that the end of the ritualistic movement with its Catholic tendencies is Rome. And now

His Holiness' timely Encyclical has, once and for all, it is to be hoped, put an end to the absurd rumors that the Vatican was disposed to make concessions to the party represented by Lord Halifax and his friends in order to accommodate them within the Universal Church.

With their countrymen aroused by the detailed exposure of their negotiations with the "enemy," and that "enemy's" definite repudiation of any intention to alter its Divinely given charter to please a few Englishmen, the position of the Anglo-Catholic section has become in the last few weeks decidedly discouraging.

The hope of "reunion" with Rome thus destroyed and those who advocated it discredited, the eyes of Anglicans will be turning with increased interest to other points of the ecclesiastical horizon. Reunion is in the air. Lausanne is witness to that. The attempt to negotiate terms with Rome is only one of its manifestations. The English Church, like other bodies, is affected by this tendency. It cannot remain in proud isolation. It must seek alliances and the direction in which it will seek them becomes clearer and clearer.

A prominent leader of the opposition to the "Romanizers" observed the other day that a movement was on foot to secure cooperation with fellow-Christians "in our own country." This can only refer to those sects which form the main body of the Protestant forces in Great Britain. Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists and other Nonconformists have much in common with churchmen such as Bishop Barnes. His bold description of the Mass as a "superstition" finds a ready echo in their minds. Themselves honeycombed with Modernism, the advanced views of this section of Anglicans no longer shock them. They are far more frightened of Rome than of the Higher Critics. They would feel more comfortable with Unitarians than with "Papists." The strenuous opposition offered to Anglo-Catholicism by an important body of English churchmen has their hearty sympathy and draws closer together these two wings of the Protestant army in England.

The present writer was brought up in Congregational circles and he can recall vividly the feeling of antagonism to the Established Church which, in the days of his boyhood, existed among his fellow Nonconformists. That antagonism had two aspects.

In the first place it was based on our Puritan tradition of simplicity in worship. Liturgical prayer was looked on as something savoring of the devil and as leading to "Rome." The most innocent forms of symbolism, the very elements of ritual were frowned on for the same reason. When Anglicanism was spoken of these features were almost always referred to. They constituted an inseparable barrier to any sort of cooperation. The Tractarian movement, of course, increased this feeling of antagonism. But since those days Puritanism has under-

gone a change. It has become respectable. Its buildings are often scarcely distinguishable from those of the National Church. There has been a great advance in esthetic adornment. Its ministers wear Roman collars and not seldom adopt some kind of gown or surplice in the pulpit. Thus the gulf separating this party from those in the English Church who are definitely ranged against Catholicism is lessening. On this ground the differences between, say, Bishop Barnes and the Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, would be found to be slight.

The other point which sharpened antagonism to the State Church was the fact that it *was* the State Church. It was in protest against the State's interference in matters of religion that the bodies I am referring to came into existence. So long as they were true to their historical traditions they could have no truck with an ecclesiasticism that looked to the monarch as its head and to Parliament as its virtual ruler. But one of the almost inevitable results of the setback which Parliament has administered to the Archbishop of Canterbury's attempt to revise the Prayer Book will be an agitation for disestablishment. Indeed, it may be said that that agitation has already commenced. An increasing number of Anglicans desire it and their numerical strength has been greatly augmented by recent events.

There remains little to keep these two sections of English Protestantism apart. It is true that the Nonconformists object to episcopal ordination, but the pressure of events is likely to prove too strong for this last barrier. The need of an alliance in order to be able to face effectively the menace of Catholic progress will, I venture to prophesy, see this speedily swept away.

The probability which we have to face, therefore, is a strong federation of Protestant bodies including the Episcopalians. Such a federation might at first be loose but would tend to closer and closer organization. It would afford shelter for those professing widely sundered creeds and might even include those of no recognizable creed at all. This would not matter inasmuch as the real basis of union would be opposition to the Catholic Church. It would be essentially a Protestant federation constituted primarily for the same reason and moved by the same motive that actuated the leaders of the Reformation.

There remains one further question, that, namely, regarding the future of those Anglicans whom this alliance with extreme Protestants will shock and to whom it will come as a shattering disillusionment. It may be taken for granted that they will fight as long as they can against the obvious lessons of such a development. Tenaciously many of them will cling to the belief that the Church of England is at heart Catholic and that it will yet return to the true Faith. But facts are hard things and the most obstinate self-suggestion must at last give way to historical reality. When that day arrives, the majority of those now contending for the Catholicity of the Anglican body will, rather than sever allegiance with their former associates, acquiesce in the new order of

things. A minority, acting individually, seeing the logic of things, will drift slowly back to the Mother Church.

Those at least are the conclusions to which a close observer, intimately acquainted with the inward movements of the bodies concerned, is driven.

Let Jane Doe Tell It

MARY GORDON

MY dear Uncle Sam: . . . As far back as I can remember, and I honestly think I can recall events that happened in our home when I was three years, even younger, my plainest recollections are of a Crucifix, a Bible and a Flag.

My mother, born of Irish and English parents, brought to England from Ireland an infant in arms and reared there until at the age of eleven the family came to this glorious land of ours, settling in York State, seemed always to find the time to answer the many questions that her seven children bombarded her with daily.

My father, born in Vermont of people that three generations before his day had come from Ireland and Spain, was a man who was never too tired to allow us to clamber all over him evenings as he sat with his lean, dark, sun-tanned face stuck deep into some paper or book. He would push us gently from between the lamp and his reading. But we knew this action did not mean we were to keep away from him. We knew we might crowd about him and upon his knees until, his reading probably finished, he would settle down for the bedtime story.

For "way back then," not "way back when," bedtime stories were in vogue. And our family, thank God, received its full share.

The summer I was five years old my mother's mother came to make her home with us. Born and reared in England, living for years in Ireland, the traits of the two countries were combined in her. And this little slim woman mother of eleven children, whose erect carriage at the age of seventy-four was a silent rebuke to any of us who might have enjoyed slumping about, was a great reader of the Bible and an ardent devotee of the Rosary.

If we were good little children she read us a chapter from the Bible. If we were not good little children she read us a chapter from the Bible. Said chapters always fitted our small virtues and childish crimes as an expensive glove fits my lady's patrician hand.

As children at Christmas time we wrote letters to the little Infant Jesus. And, of course, to Santa Claus. When spring began to powder the earth with apple blossoms we wrote letters to Our Blessed Mother. And when the month of March blew its blustering windy way across the calendar of time we wrote to St. Joseph. These last must have been rather an onerous task for dear St. Joseph, "helper in desperate cases," as we frankly told him all we wished and expected him to do to aid our hard-working father. We were trained to take life's happenings, good or ill, to God, His Lady Mother and dear St. Joseph.

We were also trained that you, Uncle Sam, standing as

emblematic for our lovely country, were the one, on location down in Washington, D. C., who saw to it that every God-loving, law-abiding citizen of these our own United States received a fair and square deal. We understood that to be a God-loving, law-abiding citizen worthy of all this, one had to be, if able, an energetic, hustling, worthwhile person.

All this was trained into us from our earliest infancy. And as we were trained to love God and the Crucifix, that stark and awful emblem of the God-Man's love for us, so, next in order we were trained to love our country and its Flag; that Flag that in times of peace fluttered so brightly gay and in war flung itself to the breeze so staunchly tenacious, to shelter and protect all who tried to live as citizens of so fair a land should live.

Well, this brings me to what I want to say to you. This time it is about our mailman.

And please, dear Uncle Sam, believe, that as a child to its own dear and lovely mother, as one perplexed to an older and wiser and far more experienced person, so I, a woman in years but as life goes on at times just a tired, sadly puzzled and very much perplexed child, come now to you with this matter regarding which I want you to enlighten me.

The Farleys had seven sons and three daughters. They lived on about three acres of land on the edge of our town. The husband worked as a day laborer for the city. His wife and family cultivated the land with such telling effect that everything save trouble grew upon it.

Their youngest child, Kathleen, lived three months. Winifred, the second daughter, died upon the afternoon of her First Communion Day.

In company with three of her brothers and her older sister, Genevieve, she had gone over to the Steckhart farm home to play. Two of the Steckhart children had been members of that happy band that beautiful and unforgettable morning.

As they left their home their mother had called a warning to them on account of the bull that was grazing in a pasture they intended to cross.

The five of them turned and waved a smiling assent.

Five o'clock, homeward bound, their mother's warning came back to them, too late.

James, Joseph and Mark Farley did the best they could to save their sisters and themselves. But Winifred Farley's First Holy Communion was also her last. And her brother Joseph bears mute evidence of the gallant way he strove to save her. He is a bookkeeper now and will always be lame. And Mark, our mailman, has a dark red scar running from the lobe of his right ear up into his heavy hair.

The eight Farley children finished from our local high school. How they did it no one save God and their parents know; but they did.

Mark, at twenty-four, married a young girl who clerked in one of the home stores. She was two years younger than he; a sweet, shy girl, a member of the Young Ladies' Sodality in his own church.

They were just one of the many young couples who,

yearly, launch their life's bark on the (sometimes turbulent) sea of matrimony. That was fourteen years ago. They have five very fine children. Shortly after their marriage they purchased a home and were steadily paying for it when two years back Mrs. Farley's health decided to leave her.

The doctor advised plenty of milk, cream, fresh eggs, fruit and vegetables, and a long rest in quiet surroundings.

Those fifteen words of prescription spelled tragedy for the Farleys. It was so easy for the doctor to scribble them down on a pad. But in the Farley home it was far from an easy matter to follow them explicitly.

Not that they did not try. They tried very hard. But try as they would, he simply could not stretch that mailman salary of his over the many demands made upon it. None of his children were able to assist him, financially. Five of his brothers were in homes of their own; all with growing families. His parents were both dead. The family homestead was occupied by Joseph and Genevieve, who both offered to take him in, advising him to rent his own home and thus save it. His wife's health had reached that stage where housekeeping was out of the question for her.

She is in a sanatorium at present. Her mother and a single brother are paying one half of her expense; Joseph and Genevieve Farley the remainder.

This isn't mentioned to belittle Mark Farley. Local doctor, hospital and other numerous bills contracted in trying to aid his wife have put him in such a financial hole that with his five children to look after he is fighting a hard battle even to keep his head above water.

Mrs. Farley will be well again. The children are all in school and all things considered doing fairly well.

Mark Farley makes his daily rounds in his mailman's uniform, that doesn't fit as well as it did. His gloves are very thin; not at all the kind of gloves one would want their father or brother or husband to wear when out all day in the piercing cold. His smile is still in working order, if a bit strained; his eyes are keen and kind but not humorous as they used to be. His heavy dark hair is thickly shot with silver and the sorrows and privations he is knowing are leaving their mark upon him.

Looking at him, Uncle Sam, I think of how much money there is in this beautiful land of ours. I think, too, of how many "centers" there are, where (after a fashion?) aid is dispensed. And I think, too, of how increasingly difficult it is daily becoming for men nowadays to live as God really intended them to live; to follow the rules.

Looking at him, Mark Farley, our mailman, Uncle Sam, I wonder if you know about such cases? In my heart I feel quite sure you do not. Uncle Sam, why do you not know?

And please tell me, Uncle Sam, . . . are our mailmen receiving a salary that enables them to live as husbands and fathers; as home owners; . . . in short, as contented and happy citizens of this fair land of yours and ours?

More Church Art in Gotham

The Morgan Collection

LIDA ROSE McCABE

ELIMINATE ecclesiastical or Christian art from the twenty-six galleries known as the Pierpont Morgan Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and the world-famous collection might easily dwindle to less than half the space it now occupies. Does the fact bear witness to the faith that was in its princely donor?

From 1871 to his death in Rome (1913), Mr. Morgan served the Museum as benefactor, trustee, President. Significantly, his first recorded gift (1900) was the portrait of Christopher Columbus by Sebastian del Piombo. Seven years later his second gift—a set of Gothic tapestries commemorating the Sacraments. Two altar pieces followed; notably, the Assumption of the Virgin by Benvenuto di Giovanni. Similar gifts came at intervals until the year 1912, which culminated in 4,000 varied items from his London and Paris residences being incorporated in the epochal Morgan Loan Exhibition of 1914-16.

From that stupendous assembly which Mr. Morgan was fated never to see, his son with like generosity and public spirit gave the Museum 3,000 items, together with his father's previous loans, including the world-famous Colonna altar piece by Raphael.

This Medicean gesture was fulfilment of his father's cherished desire that the American people should possess the collection to their educational enrichment and enjoyment of art.

The citizen indifferent to this magic carpet-like heritage, is he really worth citizenship? Certainly no Catholic worthy the name can escape its major appeal or fail to pass on its inherent message!

Emerson's truism: "a traveler takes no more out of a country than he brings into it" is peculiarly applicable to the Faithful who invade—however superficially—the ecclesiastical art of the Morgan Wing. For everything is there wrought by master craftsmen for the Sacrifice of the Mass—low or pontifical—everything but priest, wine and Host! To cross the south entrance of the main gallery is to confront the dignity, the majesty if not the sanctity of a cathedral of the Middle Ages.

Outside the treasury of famous Old-World cathedrals—not a few of the rarest gems are from them—I doubt if like ecclesiastical art is to be met. Nowhere, certainly, so understandingly and effectively arranged; nowhere so available to student and layman under conditions more alluringly educative and entertaining.

Art of the catacombs through the first three centuries of our era; art inseparable from the rise and fall of dynasties, kingdoms, empires from Rome to Constantinople are chronologically arranged, connoting the

religious, political, social or economic upheavals down the ages to the luxury-loving eighteenth century.

Eons of beauty, of human mastery within sweep of swallow's wing!

The main gallery strikes the dominant note. Against its north wall—center stage—is an altar "conjecturally reconstructed in cement" to support the large reredos or altar piece of carved alabaster. The alabaster in its present condition is particularly lovely to the eye—that despite it was originally polychrome painted and gilded—after the period that produced it. This altar piece was made for the Archbishop of Saragossa, Don Dalmacio de Mur (died 1456). Formerly, it was in the Archiepiscopal Palace at Saragossa. It is the work of an important Spanish master, Padre Johan de Vallfogona, who died in 1447, almost fifty years before the discovery of America!

It was one of Mr. Morgan's earliest gifts to the Museum (1909). The carvings on the front of the "conjectural" altar are original—two shields with the arms of the Archbishop, and one with emblems of the Passion. The central scene of the altar piece is the Passion. Incidents in the life of St. Thecla of Iconium are depicted in two scenes at the right. The two scenes on the left are episodes in the life of St. Martin of Tours.

Spanish sculpture at this time was impregnated with the realism of the Gothic art of the North. The old legends in consequence were retold in terms of everyday life. Observe that St. Thecla listens from her window to St. Paul preaching in the street below to crowds round him. In the vision of St. Martin note the cat and boots under the bed! An unecclesiastical touch to be sure, but how it makes for the credibility of the miraculous apparition!

This altar piece—one of many of like beauty and historic interest—is thrown in effective relief by the large red velvet hanging suspended behind the altar and embroidered with the arms of Pope Alexander VII.

Imposing are the fifteenth-century carved choir stalls flanking the altar seats and kneeling benches grooved in by time if not by pious service. From altar to main entrance, cathedral-like are the aisles of statues, tabernacles on pedestals, sculptural groups and glass floor cases, four reserved to the eight medieval vestments mentioned in previous article.

No space to linger over the mannered elegance of statuettes of the twelve Apostles; fragments from artistically and historically arresting altar pieces; to tarry with the fascinating wall groups of fifteenth-century sculpture and carving. They will not escape you! Nor the Flemish wood carving of St. Nicholas wearing the episcopal

vestments (was he not Bishop of Bari?). He makes a sign of the cross over a tub from which rise three little boys. They have been killed by a wicked innkeeper, chopped up and salted away in a tub. St. Nicholas through his intercession unearthed the crime and resuscitated—according to legend—the children. Charming theatrical interpretation in wood, doubtless inspired as was much art of the period by the mystery plays then in vogue.

From the former basilica of St. Peter's at Rome comes the marble relief of St. Andrew, standing here in a niche as it did in the basilica altar decoration, commemorating both sculptor and donor: Andrea Bregno of Milan and Guillaume de Perrier (1491).

The Pietà of Giovanni della Robbia, the Nativity by Rossellino, popularized by Museum post-card reproduction—in short, esthetic indigestion is the penalty that fits the crime of attempting to swallow at a gulp, as do Cook tourists foreign galleries, the main hall's treasure trove.

The one false note in the entrancing whole is the tapestries on the east wall recording in Flemish weave the story of Anthony and Cleopatra. Anything more antithetical to the exquisite small French tapestry (1470-80), Adoration of the Magi, on the west wall or the whole ecclesiastical entourage could hardly be conjured. How ever did the Museum come to do it? The tapestries in no way belong. They were bequeathed to the Museum in 1892 by Mrs. Elizabeth U. Coles to whom the Cathedral of St. John the Divine owes its twelve splendid Barberini tapestries of Catholic dogma. Drawn curtains over empty wall indentures confronting the pagan lovers may augur that eventually tapestries of the Sacraments or like subjects of Morgan textiles will restore harmony.

Glancing from the imposing Gothic wood tabernacle before the altar—enclosing statue of Virgin and Child—to the pedestal in an adjacent gallery supporting a gold gem-studded chalice with arms of Wolf-Metternich (1609), I recalled the comment of the Museum's assistant director, Mr. Joseph Breck. "It is only fair," he said criticizing the chalice's overdecoration—common trait of German craftsmen—"to remember it was designed to be seen not in a museum case but in the light of candles flickering on an altar. Held high in the hands of the priest, the sacred vessel blazing with jewels and the crisp sparkle of gold tracery would have seemed itself a living thing, glorifying the miracle it enshrined."

It applies to every item of ecclesiastical art, and it is well to keep it in mind when viewing the collection. It will help you to visualize the setting and service for which each article was originally designed and executed.

Inadequate as is this brief introduction to the Morgan Wing, it will not be in vain if it piques curiosity, whets appetite for invasion of specific galleries: for instance Gallery F 2, left of main entrance, enshrining some of the greatest treasures of the collection: development of Christian art during the first twelve centuries of our era—miracles in ivory, enamels, metals and other mediums thrilling to the soul attuned, incomprehensible to much of this machine-made but far from godless age.

Sociology

Papists, Parsons and Pedagogues

JOHN WILTBYE

RUNNING through the wails of the controversialists, beginning down in the cellar with Mr. Heflin, and rising to Mr. Charles C. Marshall, even the untutored ear can discern a common note.

What, they inquire—and there is more than a suspicion of a sob in their trembling voices—what will the President do when the President is a Papist?

Thereupon they point a shaking finger at the public schools, those noble edifices on which grafting contractors wax opulent, and in which over-worked teachers struggle so valiantly that we reward the sacrifice with less than a living wage.

Changing the note, they initiate a fugue, prudently vague and completely inaccurate, ringing the changes on the marriage law of the Catholic Church.

As the wails die away, we are supposed to infer that as soon as the Catholic in the White House—or his wife—has decided how to refurnish the Blue Room, he will turn his attention to two needed reforms.

First he will close all the public schools. Of course, he will not do this openly. Being a Catholic he is so devious that his grave will have to be dug with a corkscrew. He will merely change them into Catholic schools, dedicating them alternately to the Blessed Virgin, St. Patrick, and the Little Flower.

Next, he will replace every marrying parson with a Catholic priest, preferably one who slinks and glides. With the fund allotted to the presidential use he will equip them severally with a copy of the Marriage Ritual for the willing, and a thumbscrew for the recalcitrant.

These reforms instituted, he will gird himself for greater works by reading the Secret Instructions of the Jesuits and the Inquisitor's Handbook. Both tomes have been arranged in convenient form, by the Masons (now forcibly converted to the Roman Church, and all members of the Holy Name Society) in the Government Printing Office.

I forgot to add that the Bishop of Rome will be installed in the office of the Secretary of State, and the General of the Jesuits at the head of the Department of Education. Control of the Treasury will be vested in the Minister-General of the Friars Minor. At that, he would probably succeed better than a good many of his predecessors. But it is fascinating to fancy what he would think of some of the expenditures made by Prohibition agents for the purchase of our Sister Wine, and our little bad Brother Booze. The whole subject is fascinating, but only the pen of Lewis Carroll can do it justice.

I have talked as much sense as some of these gentlemen whose printed pages lead me to believe that they must lock the cellar door with meticulous care every night for fear that the Pope might creep in unbeknownst, with a Papal bull in loose leash.

However, let us return to the facts.

All this fear of what a Papist in the White House would do to our school laws and marriage laws, whether expressed in the double negatives of Mr. Heflin or the proper periods of Mr. Marshall, is as baseless as your yokel's fear of hoop-snakes. It is the one old tune of many who vaunt that they are one-hundred-per-cent Americans, ready at all times, if the weather is good and the price right, to come to the aid of the country, should the Pope escape from the Vacuum and be found in full pontificals under that other vacuum, to-wit, under the dome of the Capitol at Washington, D. C.

But the words and music alike flow from sheer ignorance of the American form of government.

For a Catholic in the White House would have neither more nor fewer rights over marriage and the schools than those now possessed by President Coolidge. That is, he would have none whatever.

The public schools are not Federal or national, but State and local, institutions. In no respect do they fall under the supervision of the executive or legislative branch of the Federal Government.

To the several States is reserved the control of these schools. The States may do what they deem advisable with regard to their founding and maintenance, their immediate government, the course of studies, the discipline, and so on; and this wholly without reference to Washington. An Act of Congress with respect to control of the schools in Pea Vine Center, Ark., would be as null and void as a similar act issued by the Sublime Porte—and it would be hard to envision anything nuller or voider. I suppose the States might even suppress the present public schools, should they so wish; and if they did, not even the loosest constructionist in either House would have a constitutional leg on which to stand, should he desire to arise and voice his protest.

As far as the Federal Government is in question, or any of its branches, the sole limitation upon the States is that they shall do nothing which conflicts with any provision or guarantee of the Federal Constitution. Should they transgress, redress is had from the courts, not from the Executive. Thus when Oregon tried to force every child into the public schools, appeal was entered in the Federal District court, and sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is wearisome to labor the obvious. But what is obvious to us is a sealed book to some critics.

Like education, so marriage is a subject which falls under the powers reserved to the States. The right of Congress or of the President is co-extensive with that of the Akhund of Swat. As far as either Congress or the President is concerned, Americans may go on as before with their marrying and unmarried. Possibly Congress might decline to seat a gentleman with thirteen simultaneous wives. It would so act, however, not by constitutional mandate, but by reason of that high standard of morals which it has ever exemplified and demanded.

Out of sheer generosity we drop a hint to those of our separated brethren who think that they can convert a Federal Department of Education, and legislation under the

proposed Federal Marriage Amendment, into sticks wherewith to beat us Catholics.

The hint is "Don't!"

At present a Papist President would be quite unable to close the public schools, or to suppress marrying parsons.

With a Federal Amendment at hand, and a Federal Department of Education, he could ask no wider powers. The wreck accomplished, he would sit on the ruins of some little red school house, hard by the corse of an unfrocked parson, and intone a ferial chant.

Education

Not in the Regulations

EILEEN ROCHE

"CLANG, clang, clang," rang the hoarse, discordant bell announcing the end of the recess period. Barbara Hughes took her place at the foot of the stairs and fixed an aggressive eye upon the wriggling, pushing, reluctant mass of young humanity slowly forming in line on the cement walk. She said nothing, but her brows drawn together and the firm set of her chin had their effect, and the mob subsided into something like order. She stood aside to permit her seventh-grade pupils to precede her up the stairs, but never once did her eyes wander. So she saw plainly what happened on the way.

Marjory Egan, delicate and slightly lame, halted on one of the steps and held up the line for a moment. "Chucky" Amberson, just behind, gave her a rude shove and when she turned to see who her aggressor was, he followed up the push with a smart slap. The teacher took a swift step forward and jerked him out of the line, her fingers fairly tingling to return that slap with interest. The bully stiffened under her grasp. "You dassent—," he began but Barbara clapped a restraining hand over his mouth.

"Not one word, you contemptible coward," she said in a low, stern tone, "I'll settle with you after school."

They passed into the room, Miss Hughes' heart like Hiawatha's "hot within her"; Amberson at peace with himself, cherishing a secret joy that he had once more succeeded in annoying his natural enemy, the teacher.

Barbara assigned written work for the first half hour, for she was not sufficiently mistress of herself to conduct an oral recitation. The boy's insolent "You dassent" was ringing in her ears, and, worst of all, she knew that he was right. Every pupil as well as every teacher in the building was perfectly familiar with that clause in the booklet issued by the Board of Education: "Corporal punishment being degrading to both teacher and pupil is strictly forbidden under all circumstances. Any pupil proving incorrigible may be sent to the principal for correction."

How frequently during the past two years had she recalled those words just in time to prevent her lowering her rating as a teacher which was recorded in the downtown office! She could not afford to be demoted with her sickly mother dependent upon her. But for the hun-

dreadth time, a great wave of homesickness engulfed her for the little, white country schoolhouse set in the midst of a dandelion-studded yard, where she had been undisputed ruler, and where her pupils worshipped her shyly; where she had been able to spend the greater portion of her time teaching instead of making out reports; where she had never been required to ascertain the exact intelligence level of her pupils nor the sins of their remote ancestors; where she had her own simple methods of judging their ability and adjusting her demands to it.

There the children had come to school to learn; here they came to be taught. There they had studied; here she "presented the material." For "this was in the olden days" before she had gone to the State Normal College and learned the rules of modern pedagogy. Then she had been quite ignorant of the fact that it is criminal to repress the child and that he must always "be drawn out." Then she had sometimes innocently required the pupils to perform tasks in which they were not particularly interested instead of inventing "projects" which would put them, as it were, into a receptive attitude. Let it be understood at once that the little teacher was no tyrant. Rarely, very rarely, had she punished her boys and girls.

She had thoroughly enjoyed her days at the Normal for things had seemed so wonderful in the lecture rooms and in the model training school (with its very limited number of pupils) where she had done her practice teaching. She had been eager to get into the city system and try out her plans, but some way the results had not justified her hopes. She felt constantly hampered in her work for, by the time she had entertained the music and art supervisors, done her duty by the school doctor, the nurse and the psychoanalysis expert; and had sent her fifty-odd pupils to other teachers for penmanship, gymnasium and auditorium work, her own energy was dissipated and she sometimes wondered to herself just what she was there for anyway.

Now, however, she turned her attention to the problem in hand, namely, the method to be pursued in regard to Charles Thomas Amberson more familiarly known as "Chuckie." Overgrown, lazy, impudent and inclined to be cruel, he had resisted all her efforts to "civilize" him. Kindness was wasted on him; gentleness he mistook for fear. He enjoyed tormenting her, and had gathered around him a few recruits like himself to the utter demoralizing of discipline. Even now, she felt his bold eyes on her, confident that for all her stern demeanor, the most that she could exact as a penalty for his misbehavior was a half-hour's task after school. Something must be done. The situation was intolerable. Like the disconsolate lover in Locksley Hall, she "dipped into the future" and saw her erstwhile pupil beating his wife, terrorizing his children and opposing his anarchistic tendencies to everything for the common good. And would not God hold her responsible for this perversion of his life's purpose? Is it not an essential part of the teacher's duty to mould character? It would be useless to send him to the principal, who was one of the most modern of modern pedagogues. The boy's mother had owned to Barbara with tears in her eyes that she could "do nothin' with 'im."

Just at this point in her reflections, an interruption occurred. The object of her thoughts knocked his large geography off his desk and it struck his outstretched foot. "Ouch," he said aloud, an expression of exaggerated misery upon his face.

"I wish it had been twice as heavy" thought Barbara vindictively, and then she had a sudden inspiration!

The bell rang for dismissal, and Amberson rose to go with the others. A glance from the teacher sent him slouching back into his place. When she returned, she found him with paper and pencil out, waiting for the expected task. Then into "the even tenor" of his young life she cast a metaphorical bomb.

"Walk into the cloak room," was her stern order "and remove your coat." As she spoke, she picked up a heavy ruler from her desk. The bully was also a coward and he turned white at the words but his bravado did not desert him. "You—," he began, but he was not given time to complete his declaration of independence. With a few swift movements, Barbara propelled him in the direction indicated and closed the door.

"Now" she commanded, "open your hand and strike that door as hard as you can." Too stunned to refuse, he obeyed. Then, "Ouch," he whimpered, "it hurt."

"I meant that it should" was the calm rejoinder. "Do it again six times." The ruler held carelessly in her hand had the effect of giving emphasis to the decree. "And now," she continued, when he had complied and tears of pain, surprise and rage stood in his eyes, "any time you feel like venting your ugly temper on any of the children just come in here and take your spite out on that door. I'll always be on hand to assist you and, after a while, we may make something like a man out of you. Put on your coat and go straight home."

At 8:30 the next morning, Miss Hughes was dusting her books for the day when she heard an uncertain step behind her. Turning she beheld "Chuckie" approaching her desk, a most subdued expression upon his face, a large red apple in his none too clean hand. "I didn't know if you liked apples—" he began shamefacedly.

"Of course, I like apples," she broke in brightly, "especially when they're nice, shiny ones like this. Thank you so much." And in her heart, there rose a little paean of gratitude that, at last, Charles Thomas Amberson had found his proper place in the scheme of things.

ASCENT

Some, like a slow cathedral climb
Laboriously, stone on stone,
Yet flèche-like can but point at last
To environs of the Throne.

And some there are, most like a tree,
A patient bough-thatched ark,
Crumbling, after the last sap mounts,
Back to the bouldered dark.

But happiest they, who, keen with love,
Sever the circumstantial thong,
And soaring over flèche and bough
Vault heavenward in a song.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

With Scrip and Staff

HOW do the Fascists feel towards the Jews? A good many people have wondered as to what would be the effect of the change from the Liberal regime in Italy, where Jews like Luzzatti and Sonnino were prominent, to the intensely national Fascist spirit, with its open patronage of Christian teaching and practice.

The *Jewish Daily Bulletin*, in its Jubilee Issue of February 21, states that the Jews see nothing to fear in Fascism, but rather find Mussolini and his followers their cordial friends. The following quotations are instructive:

The Jews in Italy number 60,000, in a population of 42,000,000 and they are, moreover, scattered all over the land, so that they are an insignificant minority everywhere, with the possible exception of Rome, which has the largest Kehillah, numbering 13,000 members.

The assimilation process has wiped out almost every trace of differentiation between the Jew and the non-Jew in Italy. This process has been accelerated through an ever-growing number of intermarriages. As for anti-Semitism, Italians have no conception of it. The Jews were always respected during the Liberal regime and their marvelous manifestation of patriotism during the War brought them into even higher esteem in the eyes of the nation.

When Mussolini came into power he at once realized the great asset the Jews constituted in the realms of culture, finance and politics and he exerted every effort not to antagonize the Jews.

. . . It is interesting to note that the official organ of the Government and of the Fascist party, *Popolo d'Italia*, which is edited by Mussolini's brother, never for a moment permitted any anti-Jewish outbursts in its columns. . . . The only ground for uneasiness is to be found in the occasional attacks in a certain part of the Fascist press, but it is certain that the influence of this part of the press cannot be lasting or effective.

The same sentiment is expressed by Signor de Martino, Italian Ambassador to the United States, who writes to the *Bulletin*: "Italy has been the classical land of Jewish liberty and this the Jewish people well know, and is so now."

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, says the *Bulletin*, is of particular interest to the Jews, since it is, perhaps, the only place in the world where Christians call themselves Jews and Jews are often called Gentiles. "The Mormon people," says the Utah correspondent, "regard themselves as of Israel, too, if you please, and the term *Israel* as applying to themselves is frequently heard in their congregations. They believe themselves to be of Ephraim, and cousins of the Jews, who are of Judah. To a Mormon those not of their faith are regarded as 'Gentiles.'"

"There is less prejudice here against the Jews," continues the same writer, than in any other community in the world." It is interesting to note that Governor Bamberger, Democratic Governor of Utah for four years beginning in 1917, was the first Jew to hold the office of Governor of an American State. He was nominated by Hon. E. H. Roberts, until recently head of the Eastern States Mission of the Mormon Church.

SWITZERLAND, on the other hand, the home of international peace and the League of Nations, presents a peculiar problem for the Jews resident within its

borders, who number only 21,000 and are scattered in the various communities. "Jewish students," says the *Bulletin*, "are welcomed in the Swiss educational institutions and only recently the body of Swiss students raised its voice against the Rumanian anti-Jewish excesses. The Jews of Switzerland, while thoroughly content in every other respect, have only one grievance. Thirty-five years ago Switzerland was the first and only country to prohibit the Schechita [ritual slaughter of cattle] and this prohibition, which the Jews regard as an insult to their religion, is still in force today." Protests so far have been of no avail.

ON the other hand, the Jews in Poland, says the *Bulletin*, "have been plunged into a fury of controversy and conflict. The allies of yesterday, even the members of one party, are now fighting against each other. Parties have split up, and Polish Jewry is veritably in a state of chaos. There is a Jewish proverb which says 'Like Christian, like Jew.' It is certainly to the point in this case. Exactly the same thing that is happening among the Polish parties is happening among the Jewish parties."

Even the calmest narrative of contemporary Jewish life brings so many reports of conflict, division and intense party strife, that one wonders just why it should be so prevalent, for after all, the Jew is a man of peace, and loyal to his brethren.

Yet the most peaceful people will be divided if they are embarked on a common voyage but with no agreement as to where they are going or how they are going to get anywhere. The difficulty that appears to be felt by the Jews at the present day is the lack of any common view as to what the world is and means, and what their position in it may be. Without a common idea of the world and their place in it any race or nation is bound to break up into warring factions.

SPEAKING before the "Catholic Literary Circle" of Prague, last month, Chancellor Seipel of Austria put this very point before his hearers.

Is an idea of the world necessary for all men? Certainly. All human knowledge is fragmentary, confused, twisted out of shape, if it does not find place in some synthetic general system. Confusion of thought has as a necessary consequence confusion in life. . . . The two principal sources by which man reaches such a theory of the world are religion and nationality.

Yet neither of these two means for reaching a world-view is much help to the modern Jew. Religiously the divisions are profound. The idea of a Jewish national religion seems to be dissolving. As Msgr. Seipel says, there has never in the history of mankind been any really successful attempt to identify religion with any nationality. And we may add to this, that the strenuous attempts now being made by some of our fellow-citizens to nationalize Christianity along supposedly American lines can only meet with the same fate. The possibility that the only real world religion of all times, the Christian religion, may be the true national religion of Judah, does not occur to the Jew at any period of his history. And there appears

to be an equal variety of opinion among Jews as to what "nationality" is, and how far they may claim it for themselves, or relinquish it as a chimera.

With so much dissension then, it is misleading to accept the views or policy of any one group as necessarily binding on the whole. One turns from the conciliatory pages of the *American Israelite* to the radical stand taken by Dr. Melamed in his *Jewish Reflex*, who sees the world today as a "jungle" for the Jew, and sees no hope for him save in building up a strong State in his ancient land, armed both for defense and aggression.

WHATEVER currents may sway the passions of the mighty, there will be longing for peace among the humbler elements of mankind. Only a few days ago the Jewish neighbors of John Augustine, a Catholic janitor on Ludlow Street, in New York, saved his body from going to the Potter's Field. They were led by Harry Nieberg, a Jewish undertaker, who, when he heard of the case, went into the tenement apartments and obtained by popular subscription sufficient funds to cover the cost of a simple funeral and a plot in Calvary Cemetery. In such simple counsel may be found greater statesmanship than that of the wisest of men when they are merely planning in the dark.

THE PILGRIM.

A MATTER FOR CALCULUS

If Millicent Merry,
The belle of the town,
Should step from her haughty
And high estate down
And kiss Rosie Rogers,
That tired old hag,
Who scrubs in the corridor,
Wringing a rag:—
The tall hats would tumble,
The lorgnettes would glare;
Society leaders
Would swoon on the stair.
If Mortimer Muffins,
The mayor of the city,
Should ever, through some
Preternatural pity,
Embrace Dinny Dooley,
That battered old man,
Who sweeps in the street
With a brush and a can:—
The horns would start tooting,
The traffic would pause,
And the length of the block
Would go wild with guffaws.
Once the astronomers
Took me apart,
Fixed me a telescope,
Ruled me a chart,
And roundly impressed me,
Revealing how far
The unthinkable journey
From star unto star.
But I'm searching for instruments,
Hunting a plan
That will measure the distance
From man unto man.

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

Literature

A Post-Mortem on Poetry

WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

THE Greeks likened Poetry to a lovely goddess, the daughter of the Everlasting, who sang with her sisters about the holy spring. But I am beginning to think we must look to the Egyptians for a more apt figure; evidently she is more like the phoenix that springs anew out of its own ashes, or the harmless necessary cat that will never stay dead. For more than once within my own lifetime I have heard her dirge chanted, and seen the willow planted over her grave; and lo and behold you, the next week she would be dancing in the moonlight on the edge of a lake, if indeed she was not skipping through the marketplace at high noon with a crowd of revelers at her heels.

At the beginning of the present century, when Tennyson and Browning had gone to their laurels, and the last of the esthetes of the Yellow Book School had sung their swan songs of despair and perished, there was washed ashore from the river of time a battered corpse that the critics without much disagreement identified as that of the late muse of poetry; and after a solemn autopsy, with much head-shaking and many reminiscences of the fine girl she was in her prime, she was officially pronounced dead.

But that was before Ezra Pound went to London to live. It was not the silence of death, apparently, but the silence that falls before a storm, that the critics had mistaken for the demise of poetry. And what a storm it was! Unexpectedly, ferociously and almost simultaneously the gates of civilization found themselves beleaguered by the War, the Spanish influenza, and free verse. While the legions of the world were battling for strategic mud-holes in France and Belgium, a terrific mobilization of minor poets was in progress throughout the length and breadth of America.

Many who had never in their lives been able to write a decent sonnet now discovered that the sonnet was an obsolete form unworthy of their genius. New poets sprang up out of the earth like beans after a shower. Every large city had its group of dogmatizing critics who proclaimed that the shackles had at last been struck from the limbs of poetry; who poured their censure and their scorn on the memory of every one, except Walt Whitman, who had presumed to write verse before the year 1900; who feverishly turned from publishing books of poems to putting forth critical studies in praise of their fellow artists who praised them. There was a time when I thought that nearly every one was going to turn a poet. I almost wished that Dean Swift, who wrote so feelingly about the battalions of poets that bedeviled the Dublin of his day, could have cast a scurrilous eye over the American scene in 1918. But the Dean was buried under two centuries of silence, and William Lyon Phelps wrote a book on "The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century."

Now, there is no denying that probably never in the history of the world have so many people written so much respectable poetry. Never have so many experiments been tried, never have so many themes of cosmic or commonplace significance been forced to do service as the pack-mules of song, never have so many self-appointed arbiters of excellence gathered together the scattered leaves of so many industrious songsters to hand on to posterity, never have so many talented people devoted themselves to the manufacture and sale of a product that is after all of no consequence. For poetry is great or it is nothing.

A writer of verse is either a genius or a great bore—in short, he is a poet or he isn't a poet. And unhappily the great twentieth-century revival of poetry has produced at best a handful of mediocrities. Not to waste time on the great army of free-verse writers who chirp under their own little hedges, and whose voices, like those of grasshoppers in a field, are so much alike that one cannot tell one from another, I can think of no poet publishing today whose work gains anything by comparison with that of the much-despised Victorian, Tennyson, with all his faults. It may be clever, it may be correct, it may be delicate, it may be virile, it may be "realistic" in the sense of being photographic, it may be passionate, it may be original—it may be any or all of these things, and yet fall far short of being great poetry.

This is not by any means an original discovery. Having no claim to an authoritative opinion, and shrinking a little from my own unhappy conclusions, I have submitted the case to a jury of the very young, in whose veins the blood may be assumed to run with a revolutionary ardor. For some years I have had pupils of, say, eighteen or nineteen years of age, read, among others, the poems of Shelley, Keats, Byron, Arnold, Patmore, Tennyson. Then I introduced them to Robert Frost, E. A. Robinson, Joyce Kilmer, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Edna Millay, Sara Teasdale, John Masfield, and the rest. I tried not to influence the verdict. I hoped that they would disagree with me, that they would give me the faith I lacked in the advancement of the art I loved. "There must be some improvement," I thought; "it must be my fault that I fail to see it. These young bloods will have a fresher perspective." But in nine cases out of ten my young judges have pronounced in favor of the nineteenth century, yea, even the mid-Victorians! This was not what I had expected. I made them write out their reasons. Let me summarize hastily:

"You can understand what they are driving at. They have something to say. They don't try to be clever. They aren't so tiresome. They give you a thrill. It's easier to remember what they write. They give you a better feeling about life."

I was tempted then to say, "Well, what does a boy of eighteen know about poetry?" But I had to admit there was some sense in what they said. And on thinking further about it, I began to suspect that what they looked for in poetry was what some of the sagest critics had found in it. After all, it is hard to fool the average boy

before he gets thoroughly spoiled by a little education. Now, then, what is poetry? What is a poet?

The poet is the maker, if etymology has anything to do with the matter; one who *creates* something—not the mere photographer with words. Carlyle defined a poet as one who *sees*. Sees what? Reality. The poet sees reality more clearly than we do, and tells us about it. But there seems to be a disagreement nowadays as to what reality is. Your modern materialist sees no reality but matter, and he writes about things, things, things. A certain kind of "mystic," like Maeterlinck and Yeats, turns his back on matter and sees reality only in the inner world of subjective consciousness. Both are wrong, or rather, incomplete. Lascelles Abercrombie has pointed out in a shrewd study on romanticism that the realist in the current popular sense of the word and the so-called mystic in literature see only half of reality—the former only the outward world, the latter the inner. But reality, as Catholic philosophers, and even Catholic mystics, have never forgotten, is both objective and subjective. God, creatures, myself—that is the true reality. The classic poet in the best sense of a much-abused term gives us the outer world of objects and the inner world of the spirit in their proper relationship. How does he do it? Clearly, simply, with a certain nobility that is hard to define, though I imagine it comes from utter sincerity. Matthew Arnold called it a "high seriousness."

All this is what my pupils evidently felt, more or less articulately, in certain poems of the nineteenth century, and missed in the great mass of contemporary verse. Their instinct is sound. Perhaps other students will disagree with them; other teachers, perhaps, have a different tale. But the composers and the music publishers, I am told, are on our side. An article in the *Musical Quarterly* reports that composers seeking for inspiration in contemporary poetry, as Schubert found it in Heine's poems, are in despair. There are poems enough, Heaven knows, but the reading of them leaves the musicians cold. Why? The craze for "freedom" has robbed them of rhythm. The fear that a cautious and sophisticated age has of eloquence has bereft them of ecstasy—and without ecstasy, as Arthur Machen says, there is no poetry. A music publisher tells me he has great difficulty in finding poems truly lyrical. Is this, then, the end of the "renaissance" in American poetry; quantity production of verse, and not enough greatness in it to butter a musician's bread, if you will pardon the figure? I am afraid so. I have the sickish feeling about poetry that I experience when I think of the thousands of violins made by machinery in the factories of Paris, to be shipped and delivered by the carload in America, every one stamped inside with the name, "Antonius Stradivarius," cheap, squeaky fiddles to be retailed for \$5.00 apiece.

Poetry has died again. The pessimists who have lamented her passing in recent issues of *AMERICA* are right. But I disagree with them heartily when they leap to the inference that all the great poetry has been written. And I should like, if I may, to give the reasons for my faith in another paper.

REVIEWS

The Book of Exodus. By the REV. PROF. HENRY J. GRIMMELSMAN. Norwood, Cincinnati: The Seminary Book Store.

No Catholic student of the Old Testament should be without this modest exposition of one of its most pivotal Books. The text consists of an English translation direct from the Hebrew, which is clear and generally accurate, if perhaps not quite uniform in diction. This is accompanied by an excellent commentary, making available the latest material of research in every subject bearing on the interpretation of Exodus. The thoroughness of this treatment alone, to say nothing of the numerous references to modern sources, places beyond question both the author's competence and his conscientious industry. It is, in fact, frank admiration, and no spirit of captiousness, that leads one to hope that the treasure may in future find a somewhat worthier casket. It must have been necessity alone that has sacrificed such excellent matter to presentation in so inferior a form. There are places (as on p. 40) where the summation of arguments becomes obscure because abbreviation was practised where explicitness was imperative at any cost in space. The division into paragraphs is a distinct gain; but why should the numbers indicating chapter and verse follow the first word instead of preceding it? It is true that the stereotyped initial "and" of Hebrew narration is foreign to our idiom; but where should it be omitted, and where retained?—and if a translator, by deciding this question for himself, thereby determines the logical sequence of inspired discourse, is he not assuming a great deal? Throughout the whole body of introduction and notes, a clear distinction of references from the text in which they are embedded would make for easier reading. Professor Grimmelsman's discussion of all pertinent questions, both theological and historical, is eminently satisfactory and helpful. This alone would make his commentary worthy of future appearance in a more dignified framework. Too much work of the highest class has been expended here to be finally committed to a rather slipshod manual.

W. H. McC.

Minucius Felix. By the REV. HARRY JAMES BAYLIS. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Patrologists and Christian apologists will welcome this scholarly volume issued under the auspices of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. It is not a biography, for data about Minucius Felix is altogether scant and mostly conjectural. But it offers a splendid introduction to the "Octavius," which has preserved his name to posterity, as well as a critical discussion of its date, its purpose and its relationship both to pagan philosophy and Latin literature, and to the "Apologeticus" of Tertullian with which it has so many points in common. On this last question the author aligns himself with Ebert, Krüger, Waltzing and their followers who maintain that Minucius served as a model for Tertullian. This naturally adds to the importance of his position in apologetic literature and suggests that its Latinity marks the transition period between pagan authors and patristic writers. The "Octavius," it will be recalled, is a dialogue of which Ostia is the scene and wherein Caecilius Natalis upholds the cause of paganism, Octavius Januarius that of Christianity and Minucius himself judges the debate. From a literary viewpoint it has been called a mosaic of imitations, chiefly of Seneca, Cicero and Vergil, which gets added charm from the idyllic setting its author has given it and the distinctive characteristics with which he has endowed his two debaters. The pagan apologist betrays all the faults of presumptuous, vain, impressionable youth. His Christian protagonist, on the other hand, is more sedate and sober-minded, though at times vehement and highly emotional. The dialogue itself is a tribute to a staunch friendship, ending with the graceful surrender of young Caecilius to Christianity. Apologetically, the discussion is limited to a few points, mainly those that would interest a pagan, the possibility of man's arriving at truth, the creation, the unity of God, the resurrection of the dead and the rewards of the life to come. It has significance also for what it omits, especially for any direct allusion to the characteristic points of Christianity in dogma and worship, and total absence

of the name of Christ. In this and his little use of Scripture, Minucius differs considerably from Tertullian. Such omissions, however, are readily explained by the scope of the author who voluntarily limited his subject to such topics as might remove pagan prejudices and prove that the new religion had nothing incompatible with sound dialectics and the graces and charms of rhetoric on which a cultured Roman might pride himself.

W. I. L.

One Man's War. The Diary of a Leatherneck. By CORPORAL J. E. RENDINELL. New York: J. H. Sears and Company. \$2.00.

Crusaders for keeping the Temple of Janus closed will find this a potent exhibit that "war is a foul, knock-down-and-drag-out business, however righteous the purpose for which it is waged." Corporal Joe Rendinell, twenty-three years old, was an electrician in a steel mill when he joined the Sixth Marines to go "over there" in 1917. He kept a sort of diary out of which, with some letters home, George Pattullo has made a book for him. The material often was ungrammatical, the spelling incorrect, but the vivid simplicity and the personal touch of a "One Man's War" have not been spoiled by polishing along conventional lines. It is sent out "almost as he wrote it in the stress of those days and nights." Joe had a good mother and he knew how best to comfort her and quiet her fears:

Mother dear I went to Mass this morning and I prayed for you and father . . . I am a good boy trying to do better every day. I went to Confession and Communion yesterday morning—that makes twice this week so far. Gee Mother, you will be surprised to know how I have changed my habits . . . and am going to be good all the time.

So he writes her, and adds that he is saying the little prayer to St. Joseph she had sent him. Perhaps the Chaplain, Father Darcy, to whom he accords several eulogies, also had something to do with this basic influence that made Corporal Joe so intrepid and reliable a member of the A. E. F. He was wounded twice and gassed but was able to rejoin his regiment and receive his discharge with three citations for bravery when the war ended. "When were you scared most?", one of the nurses asked him while he was recovering from his wounds in the hospital. "All of the time. And that's the truth," he answered.

T. F. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Ancient Mesopotamia.—The testimony of vanished peoples, sifted with patient toil from their buried ruins, is slowly completing our record of the ancient East and painting in faithful colors the scenic background of the elder Revelation. Of a score of centers of present activity few attract more attention than Mesopotamia. Four thousand years before Christ the region at the head of the Persian Gulf was dotted with substantial cities of the Sumerians, a people of Iranian stock; further north, around the site of ancient Babylon, were grouped the city-states of a cruder but more aggressive Semetic folk, the Akkadians. The latter became the conquerors and organizers of the whole region into the First Babylon Empire, the conquered Sumerians contributing much of their culture and religion. The chronology of the pre-imperial period is still uncertain in many details, yet as the toilsome search goes on, king after king and dynasty after dynasty assumes a clearer place in the annals of "Sumer and Akkad" before the days of the lawgiver Hammurabi and the momentous departure of Abraham from "Ur of the Chaldees."

While the scrutiny of Ur itself is still patiently proceeding, a little spot four miles away has yielded a contribution that deserves prompt announcement. Volume I of the "Ur Excavations," the only part as yet in print, is devoted to the Mound "Al-Ubaid." Lowly and long unheeded, this desert mound at last in 1919 attracted the notice of Dr. Hall, of the British Museum. Four years later, through a joint expedition of that institution with the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, the interrupted task was completed by Dr. Hall's assistant, Mr. C. L. Woolley. As a result the First Dynasty of Ur, hitherto little more to us than a myth, now takes its place in history at about

3100 B. C. through a temple of its second king, Mes-anni-padda. In several chapters Mr. Woolley thoroughly appraises the historical and ethnological worth of "a collection of objects of art unrivaled from any early Babylonian source"; while Mr. C. J. Badd, an Assyriologist to whom history is already indebted, devotes a chapter to the few inscriptions recovered. Finally a few human remains from very ancient graves are examined by Sir Arthur Keith, who, after presenting a most accurate and instructive tabulation of their measurements, indulges in some rather liberal speculation on the origin and character of Ur's early inhabitants. The combined report of these four specialists fills a handsome quarto of the Oxford University Press (1927), containing two aerial photographs, several charts and more than sixty fine plates.

The art of a people may be almost as eloquent as its literature. Many of the Babylonian antiquities in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania are not so much documents as specimens of art, especially seals of various types abounding in pictorial emblems. The collection covers a lapse of about 4,000 years, and its exhibits when arranged in historical order shed much light on both religious and secular pursuits and the conceptions underlying them; but to classify more than a thousand such miniatures and interpret their messages can have been no trifling task. It has nevertheless been achieved by that tireless Assyriologist, the Rev. Leon Legrain, who (in Vol. XIV, "Publications of the Babylonian Section") devotes one elegantly printed book to the plates of the entire collection and another to their interpretation. The latter part opens with a helpful conspectus of Assyro-Babylonian history and an account of the symbolism characteristic of each distinct period of culture. The bulk of the text, a detailed description of all the exhibits, provides a complete catalogue of this valuable collection.

In the smaller Volume XV of the same series Father Legrain aims to supply from detached documentary fragments "a supplement to larger volumes of historical inscriptions." These hitherto unpublished remnants mainly proceed from the University's excavations at Nippur, begun by Dr. Hilprecht more than thirty years ago. Text, translation and facsimiles of all the originals are included in this volume, which is naturally of more interest to the expert in Babylonian history than to the average reader.

Dramatic Art.—Within less than two hundred pages "Stage Antiquities of the Greeks and Romans and Their Influence" (Longmans, Green. \$2.00) by James Turney Allen, gives a complete and compact history of dramatic art among the ancients. Two interesting chapters on the festivals of Athens and Rome in which drama played so large a part, are followed by a full and clear account of the Greek Theater with its later development of the Graeco-Roman stage. There is an excellent index and a well-selected bibliography. The accompanying illustrations throughout the volume are among the best available not only in their appropriateness but in their superb reproduction.

There is a wide diversity in theme, characterization, mood and setting for the twelve little dramas contained in "The Appleton Books of Short Plays" (Appleton. \$2.50) edited by Kenyon Nicholson, with preface by Barrett H. Clark. Especially noteworthy are: "The End of the Trail," a gripping tragedy by Ernest Howard Culbertson; "Pierrot's Mother," a pleasing fantasy by Glenn Huges; and the three comedies "Finders-Keepers," "The Managers" and "The Ghost Story."

Technically, and for the most part, poetically, Charles Rann Kennedy has done a fine performance in the three five-act plays in "Plays for Three Players" (Univ. of Chicago. \$2.50). He has, however, made the serious blunder of making his leading characters, St. Joseph in "The Chastisement," Columbus in "The Admiral," and Dante in "The Salutation," altogether too human—in the modern fashion. All three are insufferably proud: Columbus, arrogant, stupid, and nothing of the dreamer one would have him; St. Joseph, too interested in his family history, and

unaware of the God that lives with him; Dante, engrossed in past sin, and nothing to his Beatrice that one would ordinarily suspect. A number of the passages are remarkably sweet, others highly imaginative, but always there is the struggle of an outsider trying to understand an alien theology.

Get Together and Sing.—One of the first musical book reviews ever to go on the air gave a prominent place on its program to Carl Sandburg's "The American Songbag" (Harcourt, Brace. \$7.50). The author himself proved the merit of the amusing old-time songs which he has gathered with such care and for doing which he has been credited with writing "the history of America through the words of her old songs." In his search for material Mr. Sandburg has combed the whole country and even crossed the Rio Grande. The result and fruit of this quest is a rich mine of delight for those who would rather get together and sing these old "Pioneer Memories" than listen to foreign arias relayed by wireless. Not only in the general selections, but in the groupings as well, has great care been shown. These include Irish songs in American use, minstrel songs, airs from the mountains of Kentucky, "picnic and hayrick follies" and tunes that were the delight of lumberjack and sailor, of hobo and jailbird. The author's fascinating commentaries and historical notes give an added charm and an increased value to his work.

Content to leave the field of historical folk songs to other explorers, Grenville Vernon is more interested in the songs of the early American stage. "Yankee Doodle-Do" (Payson and Clarke. \$5.00) is an anthology that goes back to the days before the Civil War to recount and preserve our early efforts in plays, operettas and even "grand" opera. The patriotic title, detracting slightly as it does from the general tone of the volume, is honestly reflective of the times. A lyric sung to that tune is found in Andrew Barton's "Disappointment or The Force of Credulity." Had it not been for the sensitiveness of certain Quaker gentlemen, this might have been the first musical comedy to be played by a professional company on any stage. Mr. Vernon ranges from "The Prince of Parthia" to the burlesques of Brougham. It is not without some regret that one reads his frequent apology "the music for this song has disappeared." This is a challenge to future collectors. Mr. Vernon has marked the ground and given a stimulus for further research.

Education and the Classroom.—Though "Shibboleths" (Benziger. \$1.75) but reprints a number of essays on educational topics that originally appeared in the *Catholic School Journal* from the pen of Sister Marie Paula, the practical usefulness of these papers merits that they should have been put in permanent form. A subtitle would describe them as tests in efficiency-teaching, and the stimulating questions the author puts her readers in the various chapters are really suggestive of a timely examination of conscience for teachers, especially of primary and secondary classes, on their pedagogical methods. The essays evidence sober and serious thinking on the part of the writer, and are enriched by helpful reflections which her practical experience has prompted. They are written orderly and interestingly, and the supernatural that should color all Catholic teaching is nowhere lost sight of.

The Rev. James Higgins, collaborating with the School Sisters of Notre Dame and Mary Christina Austin, has provided in "The American Primer for Catholic Schools," "The American First Reader for Catholic Schools," and "The American Second Reader for Catholic Schools" (Heath), a series of texts for beginners that will doubtless find favor in our parish schools and kindergartens. The books are modern in form and comprehensive in content. The lessons are well graded, the vocabulary large and generally easy, the stories and verses appropriate to emphasize the ideas with which growing children first become familiar, and the illustrations attractive. A fine balance and proportion is kept in the type of lessons, some of home and out-of-doors, some religious and patriotic, and some of God and nature. A "Teachers' Manual" accompanies the readers.

The Murder at Fleet. Shaken By the Wind. Cursed Be the Treasure. The Great Detective Stories. A Yankee Passional. Mr. Fortune, Please.

All the ingredients for a good mystery tale, to be paralleled with an interesting romance, meet in the opening chapters of "The Murder at Fleet" (Lippincott. \$2.00), by Eric Brett Young. A distinguished psychoanalyst has ostensibly been the victim of a very ghastly murder, and to explain the crime and find the murderer is the task of the author's star detective. Clues lead down many lanes, one of them the lover's, and this last adds fascination to the unfolding of the plot. Though novel, the solution is unfortunately tragic.

Ray Strachey has rummaged among some letters and documents left her by her grandmother and with them has resurrected some early scandals of a pseudo-prophet who imposed on the credulity of some simple folk in Delaville. "Shaken by the Wind" (Macmillan. \$2.50) contains detailed descriptions of the life and ritual of the New Believers. These, no doubt, were gathered from the cherished documents. But the characters of the story are as dim in outline as one imagines must be the letters of the faded manuscripts. One gets the general impression of pasting and patching, of lack of proportion and symmetry. If such a story had to be written from the materials at hand a more dexterous weaving and a surer touch at the loom might have eliminated some of the forced effects and seamy patterns of this effort.

After perusing ten upon ten thousand novels one imagines that all smugglers must be safely in the hands of the King's men; and though it were heresy to say it, one feels sorry that the law triumphed. Then comes H. B. Drake's "Cursed Be the Treasure" (Macy Masius. \$2.00). When one passes a lady on the street one sometimes detects the smell of roses; so in this book the turning pages release the tang of the sea-wind, and the memories of Conrad, Stevenson and Hawes. This is high, not derogatory, comparison. Tommy, his tale-telling father, Dirk and Jenny go through an exhilarating series of adventures before the mystery is solved. There are plenty of stories to shiver at, knives to evade, and caves to explore at a delightful sitting.

There are times when even the most enthusiastic fanciers of mystery and detective stories like to take their thrills in small doses. "The Great Detective Stories" (Scribner. \$2.50), a chronological anthology compiled and edited by Willard Huntington Wright, supplies such literary entertainment. This unique collection gives place to seventeen typical examples in order to illustrate the definite lines along which the detective story has evolved in the last three-quarters of a century. One finds favorite tales from Poe, Green, Chesterton, Fletcher and others. It makes very little difference in the intrinsic merits of the selections if now and then they testify against Mr. Wright's prefatory opinions.

Unworthy of notice except for its misrepresentation of the Church, Samuel Ornitz's "A Yankee Passional" (Boni and Liveright. \$2.50) pictures a clergy partly stupid, partly crafty and grasping and a few laymen, superstitious, priest-ridden and degraded. Though seeking to give plausibility to his tale by an expose of the ignorant bigotry of some Yankee Protestants, whose hatred of Catholics he ridicules, he reveals throughout his own ignorance of the barest elements of Catholic teaching and practice. A gross sex appeal solicits readers gullible enough to swallow his propaganda.

The genial, debonair, quick-witted and amusing medico-detective expert of Scotland Yard, Mr. Reggie Fortune, appears again to solve a half-dozen baffling cases which call for "Mr. Fortune, Please" (Dutton. \$2.00). This clever creation of Mr. H. C. Bailey gained many friends and admirers in the author's previous volumes, "Mr. Fortune's Trials" and "Mr. Fortune's Practice." It is the same droll sleuth who starts out on a vacation, but who ends up in a maze of baffling mysteries. All the stories are well constructed and interesting in their records of crime. But the major interest is always centered around the engaging Mr. Fortune. Some may find the detective's humor a little artificial; others may not notice this slight flaw.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule exceed five hundred words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Doctor Ryan and "Current History"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I be permitted to express my appreciation of the editorial in the issue of AMERICA for March 10, entitled "Another Exploiter of the Catholic Question"? I feel personally indebted to the writer and I think he has emphasized the most striking and, at the same time, deplorable feature of the discussion in *Current History*.

My personal indebtedness is based upon two distinct statements in the editorial. First, the writer points out the injustice done me by Professor Dickinson and the news story in the New York Times. I not only did not say that only infallible Papal pronouncements are binding upon Catholics, but I asserted the direct opposite when I pointed out in my reply to Mr. Fountain that the Syllabus of Pius IX and the Encyclical of Leo XIII on "The Christian Constitution of States" impose genuine obligation upon the consciences of Catholics, even though these pronouncements may not be infallible.

My second reason for gratitude to the writer of this editorial is provided by the first sentence of the third paragraph: "As for the discussion itself, it is highly instructive." Quite different is this from the dogmatic utterance of a prominent Catholic weekly: "It is difficult for us to understand how any Catholic could be persuaded to reply to it" [Mr. Fountain's article].

The writer of the latter statement evidently thinks that the time spent on replying to such articles is wasted. He contends that no argument and no statement of the truth will convince prejudiced persons like Mr. Fountain. What he forgets is that thousands of those who read the reply are not quite so prejudiced and possibly will derive therefrom some information and some help toward correct judgments upon Catholic teaching.

I venture to say that my analysis of those "troublesome propositions" of the Syllabus has provided very many readers of *Current History* with an explanation and a conception which had never before come to their attention. And in this number I would include not a few Catholics. As a general rule, I believe that in this age and country of ours no criticism of Catholic doctrine, no matter how silly and outrageous, ought to go unanswered in any publication having a large number of readers. The March issue of *Current History* numbers 100,000 copies. This implies from two to four times that many readers. Surely it is worth while to give information and correction to the considerable proportion of that number that presumably is honestly seeking light and guidance.

The letter in which the editor of *Current History* invited me to reply to Mr. Fountain's article informed me that a prominent priest in New York had already declined a similar invitation and that Mr. Fountain's effusion would be printed at any event. When I received this letter I was extremely busy on the manuscript for a little book which had to be in the hands of the publisher within a month. Therefore I dictated a reply to the editor, regretting my inability to prepare the article which he requested. Before I got around to signing the letter, I had decided that I could not conscientiously neglect this opportunity to present the Catholic view on relations between Church and State to such a large number of my fellow citizens. Accordingly I destroyed the first letter to the editor and wrote a second promising him a reply to Mr. Fountain's production within a week or ten days.

Needless to say, I am very glad that I acted upon this second thought, even though one or two editors of Catholic papers deprecate the thing that I have done. I am correspondingly grateful to you for the contrary judgment which is implied in your editorial.

I agree with you that the saddest feature of the comments of the four Protestant professors is their declaration (in one case

expressed and in the other three at least implied) that the interpretation put upon Catholic teaching by a Baptist minister is to be taken in preference to that given by a Catholic priest and professor of theology. Is this merely the blindest kind of prejudice? Or is it mental dishonesty? Or is it merely due to utter lack of a sense of humor? At any rate, it is extremely discouraging. Mr. Fountain's vagaries I do not mind, as he is obviously not a scholar. But how are we to explain these four professors, whose calling ought to create a presumption of scholarship? Even the most discriminating of them, Professor Loetscher, repeats the long-exploded legend that modern representative institutions, constitutional governments, owe their origin to the Reformation. Within the last few days I have read again the Introduction to Lord Acton's "History of Freedom and Other Essays" written by two distinguished Protestant scholars, John Neville Figgis and Richard Vere Laurence. Speaking of the historical character of Acton's liberalism they say: "He knew very well that the roots of modern constitutionalism were medieval, . . ." It would seem that Professor Loetscher ought to have heard of Acton, Figgis, Laurence, his one-time colleague, Henry Jones Ford, and many other recognized authorities on the subject of the true origin of democratic theories.

Professor Loetscher criticizes the severe language which I use in more than one place in my article to characterize Mr. Fountain. Ordinarily I should be disposed to agree with such criticism. No other controversial production of mine has offended in this respect. The present instance is the exception that proves the rule. During my analysis of Mr. Fountain's article my attitude toward the writer alternated between contempt for his intellectual processes and resentment at his stupid prejudices and occasional unfairness of method. It seemed to me that an example ought to be made of him, that the egregious presumption which impelled him to attempt a task so far beyond his powers needed to be adequately stigmatized.

Washington.

JOHN A. RYAN.

When Is a Story Catholic?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The Pastor of Toluca has taken exception to "the best Catholic story of recent years." The "scandalous stories of Mexican clergy of a century ago . . . do not represent the Mexican Church in general of that time or of the present." Nor does the non-Catholic writer of this "best Catholic story" say or even insinuate this, unless the Pastor has dozed betimes to skip details. The authoress has not inaccurately presented affairs; and it might be well to call the Pastor's attention to the Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. I, p. 720b. It states: "In 1850, New Mexico, having been ceded to the United States, was made a vicariate Apostolic and entrusted to the Right Rev. John B. Lamy. . . . He stated to the Propaganda in 1865 when referring to conditions happily passed," that "he found in the vast vicariate twenty priests, neglectful and extortionate, churches in ruins, and no schools."

The authoress has given us a historical novel; depicted things as they were, devoid of what Newman termed "the endemic perennial fidget which possesses us about giving scandal: facts are omitted . . . because . . . not edifying; whereas of all scandals, such omissions, . . . are the greatest" (Historical Sketches, ii, p. 231).

"The second part of the story is what receives praise from Catholics." Not alone the second part; but the second part does bear witness to the Divinity of the Church which has also its all too human side. As Montalembert, just before his death, wrote to Baron de Hubner about his "Life of Sixtus V"; "You have neither dissembled the shadows nor the stains so inseparably interwoven with the human element, which is so conspicuous and powerful in the Church, and therefore you throw into still greater relief the Divine element, which always carries the day in the end, permeating our minds with its soft convincing light."

"We should know *when* we have been insulted." Yes, we should: it was about 1850.

New York.

GODFREY DE STE-CROIX.

How DeValera "Took the Oath"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I believe that DeValera took no oath. The difficulty is that we wrestle with words and symbols, instead of giving our thought to the realities of which they are but the vehicles and without which they are but the shell without the kernel.

What are the essential constituents of an oath? Certainly not kissing a bible, raising an arm, or signing a book. An oath is a mental act that only moral obligation can compel. For its valid exercise it requires knowledge, freedom, and full consent. Kissing a bible, raising an arm, and in this case signing a book is not an oath but the appointed vessel among men for delivering an oath. Only those who have a moral and legal right to a truth or promise, may demand and are entitled to either.

In a case where the vessel is used as a blackjack by a party possessing no moral right to the use, still less to the abuse of it, the vessel may be delivered empty with a clear conscience, provided advance notice is given to that effect. This is precisely what DeValera did. He published in advance his intention not to honor the form. On presenting himself, he told the clerk that he would sign only as a formality, asking him if he had seen his press notice to that effect. The clerk replied that he was concerned only with the signing of the book. . . .

DeValera had a mandate from his people to represent them in government. It matters not how or by whom they were governed. The fact that they were its victims in taxes and regulation is their right to send him.

His presence was where duty called. The gate was locked by an oath. Perceiving that the form was a key, he used it with the clerk's permission. Please note he did not steal the key nor obtain it under false pretenses. But he was not forced. Yes, he was, for blocking an entrance is using force. A man entering his home finds his way blocked by a stranger who informs him, much to his astonishment, that he will have to pay \$500 for the privilege, adding, however, that no force will be used to compel payment. The man pays \$500 because of force notwithstanding.

Pittsfield, Mass.

FRANCIS P. COLLINS.

Eugene O'Neill

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Not having seen "Strange Interlude," I cannot take issue with your dramatic critic on that score. But I must confess that I did not like her utter lack of sympathy with O'Neill's viewpoint in the theme and characters of his plays.

I have read and studied enough of his work to be convinced of his sincerity. And this alone calls for a sympathetic attitude of mind on the part of those who attempt a criticism of any of his plays. Nothing prevents the critic from trying to look at life in O'Neill's mirror of it. Otherwise, we can't be fair in estimating the true value of his work.

O'Neill makes war on sham, hypocrisy, and insincerity. He believes that most people hide behind these masks. There is certainly much to be said for these views.

I, too, dislike excessive morbidity in literature, but still I think we should expect it at times in the drama, which is such an elemental form and is concerned with the basic sources of conflict in the human character. O'Neill is a master in tragic irony, which is written across the pages of human life and really wrings fear and pity from the soul. And sham, hypocrisy, and injustice are fertile fields in which the dramatist may profitably sow the seeds of his inspiration.

The great mass of people today, it strikes me, are too busy with their own affairs to stop and see the tears in the eyes of so many individuals of both sexes and all ages, victims of oppression or ignorance or circumstance of birth and place over which they have no control. Such a consideration is some justification for work like O'Neill's. In my mind, it is a healthy pastime for our successful Americans to have pity and sympathy and horror wrung from their souls by a few lurid pictures from life. It may wake them up and temper their false optimism with the thought that perhaps all things are not right with the world.

Baltimore.

B. B.